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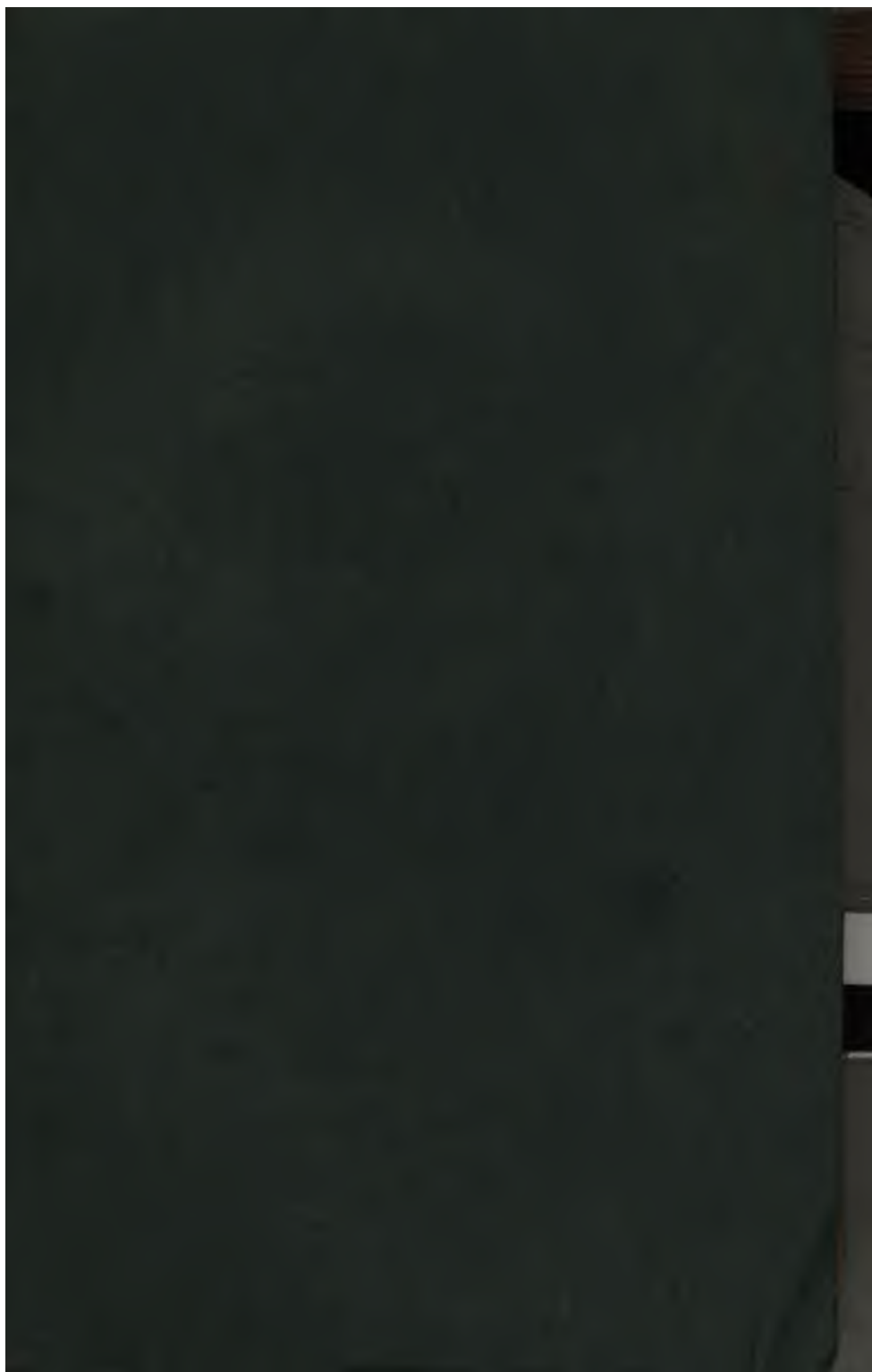
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SKETCHES
OF
MODERN GREECE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF,
THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY A
YOUNG ENGLISH VOLUNTEER,
IN THE GREEK SERVICE.

Se s'ha da perder la libertà, non stimo
Il più ricco capel' che in Roma sia.

ARIOSTO.

//////////
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SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

VOL. II.

B

SKETCHES OF MODERN GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

There is a victory in dying well
For freedom, and ye have not died in vain.

Campbell.

SANTA ROSA related in a few words the nature of the interview between the Prince and himself, and intimated his intention of repairing alone to Sphacteria, to follow his own counsel, and try what might be done.

The young Capitano, though he internally acknowledged that the Count had reason to be piqued, felt staggered, nevertheless, at the wild nature of the design he had formed. Yet, desperate as it seemed, his pride took umbrage at

Rosa's want of confidence in not having requested his companionship. "Santa Rosa," he said, "you talk of the friendship which you possess for me, and at the very same time you employ means for its discontinuance. You treat me, in short, like a child, in the midst of your professions to admit me as your equal. If you know that my notions coincide with your own, that my enthusiasm for the cause of liberty is not less strong, why refuse me the right of a comrade only because unfortunately I am still a youth? Why should we not co-operate our powers with each other? You would have gone and exposed yourself to almost certain death, with one solitary palicar for your attendant, and, what is more, your sacrifice would have been wholly unattended by benefit to those whom you wish to assist, since your knowledge of his language is not sufficiently extensive to enable you to communicate, through his medium, the principles of defence you would wish to inculcate to the others. I will shew you a far better plan. Take me as your companion—nay, shake not your head—should you still be

determined to go there ; although, if we even meet with success, which would be somewhat astonishing, and save by our sole exertions the lives and fortunes of all within the garrison, the Moreotes would be too jealous to be grateful."

"Gratitude, my good friend," interrupted Santa Rosa, "is what I expect not; neither will the absence of it affect me either way. I seek not to gratify my vanity by procuring to myself aggrandizement. My ambition has been quenched ever since I became an alien from the land of my birth and my affections. My devotion to the cause only which has produced all my sufferings, has strengthened daily since their commencement. For this cause martyrdom would be sweet to me ; and now that nothing remains to attach my hopes to life, I willingly would incur its pains, in pursuance of the principle I have pride in. But you, Nastuli, are young, very young : over your hopes hangs no cloud, nor will there hang one : you have friends, family, every thing, in short, which can render life agreeable. Dedicate yourself, then, to the

same cause, though not in the same manner as myself—for what in me is but a duty, in you would be the height of madness.”

“Although your rules for the appropriation of youth may be admirable in general,” said Nastuli, “you nevertheless will admit, I doubt not, of the force of exception. My boyhood, for example, as yet has not been marked by too many pleasures, and I anticipate for the years to come, no greater share, unless a preternatural agency, of whose meditated interference I am not at present aware, should be the procurer of them for me. You have seen, you allow, twice my years, and more than double, no doubt, my quantity of experience, and all that you have brought with you from these advantages, is an insufferable portion of satiety. Now I would rather by far anticipate the removal of my share of all these inconveniences, by going out of the world at once by a dashing exploit, than live fifty years unknown, and even unheard of, to incur the same disgust at last. Suffice it, then, to say, that I will either accompany you at present, or follow at your heels, when you are out

of sight; and then, as I have fifty Palicari and you have but one, I doubt whether you will be able to bring me back."

Santa Rosa now wished from his soul that he had never revealed his designs, yet knew he not how to answer to a hot-headed youth, who would not admit of contradiction on any single point opposed to his will. "Young man," he said, "after a short struggle with his reflections, "since you are resolved on your own evil, I will no longer attempt to dissuade you from seeking it. We will see, then, who may be found for volunteers to accompany us while we make our dinner, which, though not sumptuous, we may reckon on as the last." The Count accordingly took it from out the soiled ration bag, which, suspended from a rusty nail, kept company with the Douphégia on the wall.

They were making their meal, when the young Hydriote, Samadorff, with his huge drawers, burst in upon them, and sat himself down to their trencher, with a smile of satisfaction. "I have come to your konaki," he said, at length, rubbing his hands; "which I have

been employed for an hour in seeking, that I might tell you of the sport going on around. The old black dogs of Ibrahim are stowing themselves in by boatsfull to Sphacteria, which all, except Anagnostarà and ninety more, have abandoned in panic to the enemy. The old gentleman stands his ground like a tiger, much from bravery, but still more from desperation; for he is too fat to swim like the rest. Nor does he wish to abandon the two hundred doubloons with which his belt is padded. All depends on the moment."

"And Mavrocordato," asked the Count, "what does he?"

"He has thrown himself into old Miaulis's brig," replied Samadorff, "where he endeavoured to preach enthusiasm and courage to the Hydriotes, until a spent ball happening to pitch upon the deck, his exhortations ceased with the wind of it. He has given up his sword, with a piece of good advice, to a better man, and gone below where he reposes, the motion of the vessel having somewhat discomfited him."

“What, is his Excellency sea-sick?” asked Nastuli. “Let his malady be what it may,” replied Samadorff, “it values not the time which we lose in talking of it. At once therefore to the purpose. We may yet, by adding courage to the defenders of the island, save its capture by our presence.”

The proposal of Samadorff was received with acclamation; and on mustering volunteers for the enterprise, Nastuli found, that, either in consequence of the rhetoric of the Hydriote, or his own determination, twenty of his followers were prepared to stand close to him. Samadorff, who had left his brig *Miltiades* that morning, for the purpose of exerting his powers where they might most be needed, had with him twelve of his crew; and Santa Rosa, although one solitary palicar alone shared his fortune, was worth in himself a hundred;—the purity of his sentiments, his love of liberty, and the sacrifices he had made for it, entitled him to reverence. Exiled for ever from the land of his birth, to seek a home amidst strangers, in renouncing the dearest

ties which ever bound man to his native soil, he scorned, notwithstanding, save in private, to let a sigh escape him, or a word intimate to others, that he felt sad. The three friends left their konaki, Nastuli and the Count keeping pace by each other's side, while Samadorff shewed the way in advance towards the bark, which from his own ship attended them, with its stiff skin barriers and port holes for musketry. They approached it, and could already perceive the conflict on the island,—a scene which boded little hope to the success of their undertaking. The Arabs on Sphaacteria shewed hordes, in comparison with the scanty number of Greeks who maintained, in rage and despair, their post. Boats on the opposite quarter were pulling rapidly from the Egyptian fleet with fresh numbers, for the sake of making further disembarkments; and although resisted in their approach by showers of musketry from the Hydriote barks, stationed to defend the pass, were obstinately making their way towards the port they aimed at. Nastuli looked on Santa Rosa, and directed his attention to-

wards the scene, asking at the same time for his opinion. The Count took from his belt a pair of spectacles to assist his sight, and fixing his eyes stedfastly on the point of action, shook his head, and assumed an expression of fretfulness and impatience. "You see now," he said, "what has been brought upon them from neglecting my council. Take this," he added, at the same time presenting to Nastuli a handsome snuff-box, with a miniature portrait of a fine woman surrounded by her children: "it is a family piece, and the last pledge of what I loved and lived with, until my opinions became too decided to be borne in a land repugnant to them. Let it be a testimonial of my friendship." The Count seemed as though aware of the fate awaiting him; but his emotion was only momentary, and he leaped into the boat, which at Samadorff's command, put off from shore. They had approached without resistance within half musket-shot of the island, when a plunge in the water, followed by a volley of douphéghia close to them, turned their attention

from the oars. Anagnostarà, the minister of war, with Arabs, like blood-hounds, in his track, had thrown himself into the sea. By the avidity displayed in the pursuit of him, there seemed little doubt but that the importance of the prize was known; for the Egyptians, who were last, clenched their fists in rage to see others with brighter hopes of overtaking him.

The blood which flowed freely from his shoulder, gave signs that he had been wounded; and his increasing debility, as he ever and anon sank beneath the waves, assured it beyond doubt. While the Stratioti, within the boat of our adventurers, kept up a fire on the Arabs who pursued Samadorff, Nastuli and the Count seized the oars, and made all possible speed to near him. The old Strategos⁽²⁾ perceived it, for he flung about his broad arms, and topped the waves with newly-acquired vigor. The bark had approached even within his grasp, when two Arabs, who followed him in diving like pearl fishers, without being seen, rose up close to where he swam, and flung themselves

upon him. The one grasped him by the neck, the other by the silken sash, the end of which, disengaged by the force of the waters from his waist, floated above their surface. Nastuli rested on his oar, and levelling the carbine which stood by his side at the Egyptian who grasped the throat of the old General, removed him from his position to the less troubling one of death. The rest who were in the boat were so occupied in repelling the enemy, still advancing towards the beach, that they had no time for the destruction of the remaining pursuer; and the friendly weapon, which had taken off the one, was just reloaded for the further delivery of Anagnostarà, when he was dragged on shore by the other. Spent with fatigue and loss of blood, he just anticipated by his death, the pious intention of the yataghan, which the next moment severed from his manly form—the countenance, glowing with indignation not oppressed with fear. At the same moment, the avidity with which the enemy surrounded their conquest, and the wrangling

attended by blows, which ensued as they ripped up, with gleaming eye, the belt containing his possessions, favoured the disembarkment of the volunteers, who already had destroyed with their pistols many of those who harassed their prey, when a party of Greeks, employed in making a desperate rally to oppose the host who crowded in, hailed them to their side, and received new hopes from their acquisition. Nastuli, with a small force, stationed himself upon the beach, to repel from it the new boat loads of the enemy who were approaching, while Rosa and Samadorff called to them the rest, to attack the bodies already landed. Nastuli soon lost sight of his friends, and exhorted to be true, the few who kept their post by his side; forming them at the same time in lines, so as to lose no time between their discharges upon the assailants. One boat had already lost its helmsman, and more than half its numbers; and those who survived, perceiving that a band, under better discipline than they had been accustomed to meet with, repulsed

them, were loudly and bitterly cursing the Ghiaours for so obstinately resisting their approach, when another boat, which had hitherto advanced close under the lee of the one so thinned in its numbers, and had been favored accordingly, dashed, by a deperate pull, athwart the bows of the latter, and landed her reinforcements on the shore. A shout followed their success; and the attention of Nastuli and his followers being turned entirely towards these newly arrived, the other bark, which hitherto had been so effectually opposed, followed the plan of its comrades. Nastuli, whose spirits had acquired an invigorating stimulus from desperation, did not perceive the numbers of his opponents, nor, midst the drunkenness which the unequal task of resisting them had produced, did he care whether there were myriads, only he felt his trusty Chious Demo lie motionless upon his breast, struck down by some invisible hand near him. The next in rank, and Nastuli's next hope, rushed past him in another moment, and catching his arm, pointed

towards the sea, into which himself plunged. The smoke clearing away, he sought eagerly for others. The enemy who had been round him had all vanished, on account, it seemed, of having found no more victims to destroy. Thus left by himself, and with all his ideas thickening heavily upon him, he gave a hasty glance at the road which his Stratiote had just taken: he was not the only one who had followed it; three others were splashing their course near to him, but Nastuli's soldier was behind all. The distance they had to swim was not farther than a sturdy spirit might have reached, had not a fire from the Arabs on the rocks above been directed at them, which thwarted the intention of two out of the three, the first of whom was the soldier of Nastuli, while a little old man, in a Frank dress, reached in safety the shore of Navarene. The steps of the young Capitano began to totter with incertitude, and his brain to straggle from him strangely, when all of a sudden an arm seized him by the shoulder. In a moment he threw himself round, and flung his hand, with the still hot barrel in it,

towards the object near him, and was about to draw the trigger just as the voice of Samadorff arrested him. He was wounded, and staggered in his pace: all save two Hydriotes had been separated from him. "Why do you hesitate, Nastuli?" he said; "there is no time to lose: your pistol is now of no service to you,—put it up, and take to your sabre." "Where is the Count?" demanded Nastuli; "you too, I see, have suffered."

"For Santa Rosa, poor fellow, I scarcely know what has become of him," answered Samadorff: "I left him hemmed in by numbers, and swearing, in wretched Greek, at the Arabs, who, seeing his spectacles, and judging him to be a monster, offered him quarter if he would surrender. For myself, I have a scratch which some black mongrel has bestowed on me with his yataghan,—but I see them approaching us, and my wound will little matter when my blood boils."

A small party, in truth, composed of Turks and Egyptians, came towards them as Samadorff concluded. Nastuli threw himself before his

wounded companion, and with the sword, which now he wielded like a desperado, warded off the blow intended for Samadorff, and cut down the sable Arab who had aimed it. "Bravo, my young Hellene!" exclaimed the Hydriote: but he had no time for a longer eulogy. The rage of the whole body seemed vented entirely against him, while they seemed almost to disregard Nastuli; whether from their implacable animosity against the race of Hydriotes, of which his dress bore witness that he was a member, or that a previous acquaintanceship with his person had produced new sentiments of rancour on their rencontre, was not to be discovered. But Samadorff fought desperately, spite of his wound; and had already, by his courage and that of his followers, induced the greater part of their opponents to take to flight, when a Turk (more wily than the rest) approached cautiously, holding in his hand a yataghan, which he flourished in token of defiance. Samadorff pursued his new antagonist, who manœuvred, now farther, now nearer from him, and enticing him to a stony part of the beach, still

endeavoured to draw him on. Hot with the chase, and foaming with rage, the Hydriote collected all his remaining force on the one stroke which he aimed at his defier. His wary adversary attempted not to ward it, but throwing himself, by a dexterous movement, between the legs of his assailant, the sword of Samadorff, instead of taking effect on the person of the musselman, struck on the rock, and snapped from the hilt its polished Damascus blade. A moment more elapsed, and the poor fellow's head yielded to the strong blow of the Turk's yataghan, and rolled beside the fragments of his sabre. A deadly sickness came over Nastuli as he beheld the fate of his friend; and no enemies being left near to abstract his attention, he fell, with the force of exhaustion and despair, to the ground, by the side of the young Hydriote, and would have shared his destiny, had not one Palicar come near, who still survived of the few accompanying his leader. More versed in scenes of blood, and of less sensibility than Nastuli, he thought composedly of the state in which they were, and running towards the young

Captain, unable to assist himself, he lifted him in his strong arms, and plunging himself with his burden amidst the waves, by a desperate effort gained the shore of Navarene.

CHAPTER II.

— For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Broken Heart.

COLLENIO, the young engineer, was sitting in the dark ward-room of the castle, when a Stratiote, muffled in his white capote, supporting a younger and lighter comrade, entered the apartment. The Italian was meditative, and marking only the forms, did not extend his gaze to the features of the new comers: both were drenched, and both seemed exhausted by their conflict with the waters. The voice of one at length called Collenio by name; and the young Italian started as he heard it, "I had never thought to see you more, Nastuli," he cried,

pallidness of the sufferer's features, the fine countenance of Nastuli's friend and confidant, Demetri, was still to be recognized: the former could not refrain from a burst of astonishment, but it was exchanged, on reflection, for a feeling of deep sorrow, while he pressed the hand of the young Greek to testify it.

Demetri felt the pressure, and looked on the person who had bestowed it. "Capitano," he said, exerting himself to address Nastuli, "I had never hoped to see *you* more. Why would you belie the character of a Frank in seeking to restore me?"

"My good Demetri," replied Nastuli, smiling, "your wound, well tended, will be nothing; and how can I, in assisting you, belie the character of a people of whom you have assured me so often that I am not a member?"

Demetri sighed; the time of his gaiety had past him. "Be what you may," he uttered faintly, "leave to my brother the charge of me, for I have wronged you; and I feel that to be attended at the last moment by him whom I have injured, will not the better secure my

soul's repose. The wound which you tell me to be slight, is but the herald of my departure: one favour I yet will crave of you to grant me, as you may grant me likewise forgiveness,—put an end to my sufferings with your pistol, lest I should linger thus till the Turks arrive, when my torment will be greater.”

“No weapon of mine shall ever be used for the destruction of a friend,” answered Nastuli; “and the life which you despair of is not, I repeat to you, in peril. Go, my brave fellow,” he added, speaking to the relative who supported him, “search if a leech may be found, or one who knows a symptom when he sees it, and have him conveyed here speedily.” The brother, persuaded that such was needful, retired, and left Demetri in the arms of Nastuli. The scarf, which had been made fast round his arm, proved ineffectual to staunch the blood, and it again oozed freely from the wound. The young Greek felt it, and turned his eyes around him in a bewildered state, as though to perceive who stood near, then sought for the hand

of his supporter, which was willingly surrendered to his grasp.

“Nastuli!” he exclaimed, summoning up all the strength that remained to him; “You have long sought in vain to discover from whom the shot proceeded that was aimed at you in Napoli: you see him now before you; not that a bribe led me to the act, for my blood was too high to deign it; but Fatmé, whom you looked on, was the property of my old chieftain, and one glance from him bearing witness that his jealousy was excited, sufficed to make me hate you. When the attempt I first made on you had failed, I cared little more for your destruction, nay, rather would have rejoiced on leaving you that it had not been wrought; but it was our fate to meet again, and my hate became renewed by your presence. It was sufficient only to have once wronged you, for your sight to call up within me a desire to remove the reproach it offered me by your destruction; but when, added to this, I saw in you the rival, whispering with impunity in the ear of one whom I

adored, and even smiled upon by her in return, from that moment you became the object that I most loathed in nature. While I sedulously guarded you from a second interview, I effected by my calumnies the coldness which you observed in Caterina's manner towards you ; and far from being the confidant I pretended to be, I told secrets to the young Caphidgee, which never had been your's, and poisoned the esteem which her innocent heart had possessed for you, by inventions which I laboured at, both day and night, to frame. But I cannot relate to you all, Capitano, for my time of discourse is limited ; suffice to add, that the day when we last went to hold together our sports at the djhereed would have been your last, had not the arrival of the American Strategos at the gates, interrupted our holding them, for mine was barbed with steel, and even now"——

The dying man paused from exhaustion, and sinking heavier on the arms which he vainly endeavoured to prevent from assisting him, looked on the face of him to whom he was confessing ; but his brow was not contracted in anger, as

he had thought to see it: not even surprise sat on his features; but a look of extreme pity, which, by its superior strength, excluded every selfish emotion. "Compose yourself, Demetri: I forgive you all," he whispered; but the young Greek had only time to return his pressure, and then died.

Collenio, who had been a spectator of the scene, observed the effect it had produced on his friend, without being aware of the cause, which his ignorance of the Romaic hid from him. He was too delicate, however, to attempt to search into the nature of a subject which had rested without being hinted at, and changed to a lighter topic the discourse which he commenced: but this struggled without success to preserve a continuance: the Italian had many griefs and cares weighing against him, which at length predominated over his strain of levity. Santa Rosa had been his best and earliest friend; had fought with him on foreign lands, and alleviated, by his society, the weight of many a burden, and now was snatched away he scarcely knew how or where. Nastuli's heart,

oppressed too by many recent griefs, now that he was given time to reflect on them, knew not to which he should give the preference of sorrow. A word from Collenio decided him, and Santa Rosa became the pang immediately predominant. Yesterday his countenance had beamed with vivacity; the snuff-box, with a lovely group on its lid, was all that now remained to bring him to memory.

"Foor fellow!" said Collenio, as he looked on it, "when in Piedmont he first planted the seeds of liberty in the breasts of all whom he thought worthy to enjoy it, I little imagined that his departure would have taken place at his first onset, in a land where no tongue will speak of him more."

"He has his mead, where it will be of better worth than here," rejoined Nastuli, "for that reason with which we are gifted, and which weighs in her scale the sentiments of our heart, gives me assurance that for the one so laudable as has been his, there must be an ultimate reward."

I am as yet, perhaps, too unsettled—too

indecisive as to my notions of a futurity," said Collenio; "but with respect to what you have alledged, I am disposed to think as you do: for as our spirit tells us that liberty is the most precious gift which a superior power has given to us for our attainment, so the attempt to acquire it must be the most laudable pursuit; and as there be a heaven to open for us hereafter, so will it reserve a place for those who bleed in its cause. It must look over too, and forgive many of their faults, since they make atonement for them in the pursuit of this ultimate object. My friend, Santa Rosa, whose path through life has ever been marked by the assertions of this doctrine, has been destined by higher powers to die, as he lived, in maintaining it. He had vices, as we all must have, but they were not, I trust, of a nature unpardonable; and as the least faulty man among the guilty, spite of his little inadvertencies, may he become the meteor whose course to be pursued by all those who survive him in this land of his choice." A tone of deep feeling marked the eulogy of

Collenio on his departed friend, and he dashed away a scorching tear which had been started on his manly cheek. "It is not thus I am wont to be moved," he said, "at the death of a comrade,—a circumstance which the fate of war renders so common. These poor fellows lying on the ramparts are more worthy of pity, since I know not what will become of them to-morrow."

Nastuli turned his attention towards those of whom the Italian spoke. The Palicari, wrapt in their capotes, were stretched along the ground—most of them in the embraces of sleep, while they who could not procure to themselves that solace, still feigned it, from a pride which forbade them to give witness of their sorrows, and attempted, in a lulling posture, to forget the loss of those, their relatives, who had fallen, before the moon, now shining brightly over their heads, had shown itself above the horizon. Nastuli recollected his old soldier, Jopanée, who, throughout the march, had been the amusement of all his comrades, and with stick in hand, had taken

off so humorously the manners of the Franks, and who, never wanting to lead in the Pyrrhic dance, had encouraged, by his gestures, even the most sullen to mirth. Imagining him to be among the number of the sleepers, well knowing that meditation suited not his mood, he called loudly his name, that he might cheer the spirits of the rest with some comic touch. But Jopannee, who, in his character of minstrel, tragedian, and buffoon, had so inspirited all with his rude strains and sallies the day before his last sight of Ibrahim, now hung his head more dejectedly than any, and thought of his desolate birthrights in Anatolica in sulkiness and hunger. A universal silence reigned throughout the spot which yesterday had teemed with boisterous merriment; none now thought more of gold pelascas, and well-studded chimeras, as his prize, but looked instead with gloomy apprehensions towards the fate of his own. They had all gone well nigh supperless to their repose, and they trusted to the bounty of Ibrahim alone, for better fare on the morrow.

The Turkish camp below them shewed a different scene. The night, undimmed by a cloud, added to the large fires kept up there, displayed not only the tents, but with a glass the movements outside them. The Arabs were beating their drums for the change of guard, and the hour was being sounded as it passed, and their very strains of revelry were distinguishable. It seemed that Ibrahim, who cared more for the events of the day than for the injunctions of the prophet, was carousing with his Frank officers over their success: in a few minutes the Arabs were assembled at their prayers, lifting up their voices together to the highest pitch, blessing Mahomet for their victory.—The din of this ceremony had scarcely ceased, when shouts were heard, and the fire of a thousand muskets following them. The Greeks started hastily from where they lay, imagining, at first, that the Arabs, fortified by prayer, were on motion for some desperate scheme, when a messenger running towards them, explained the cause—Palaiocastro had fallen. “There remains, then, no more hope,”

said Collenio, "but we may yet save ourselves from being put to the sword: let us assume haughtiness, continue our assurances of being provisioned, until the terms of a capitulation be stipulated; should the worst happen, we have our mules and ourselves to feed on." The opinion of Collenio was received with the consent of all; for they knew what their torments would be should their town be entered without a treaty first from the Egyptian. The morning had scarcely dawned, when the Greeks commenced a fire from their batteries with redoubled vigour on the enemy. The Turks, who had expected nothing else than a passive obedience, were thrown entirely off their guard, while the Hellenes, profiting by their false conjectures, made a sortie upon the enemy, which redoubled their disorder. Papa Yauni headed the troops, and rallied them on to the very tent of the Pasha. The Albanian Turks fled before him in consternation, and reported the arrival of a fiend. The Arabs alone, more collected and skilled in the bayonet, were the only troops who resisted his entry.

The followers of the Papas were already for the most part exterminated, from the fire which the Egyptians had kept upon them; but the priest disregarded it, or knew it not, for their defection did not discourage him. With sabre clenched firmly in his hand, he rushed amidst the thickest of the fight. Ibrahim, who looked on from a small mound, perceiving the courage more than human which the priest possessed, forgot that he was a Ghiaour, and called out to him to surrender and be saved; but the Papas refused to heed him, gnashing his teeth, and appearing as though in him had been concentrated the whole hatred of his nation towards their oppressors: he defied them with loud and bitter taunts as he cut his way through their ranks, with the few followers who remained. In vain was the cry of Allah sent forth, and passed from mouth to mouth, as the swarthy believer in Mahomet rolled weltering in his blood, and writhing his limbs in the agonies of death. A devil, who scorned the power of Allah, seemed to have got amongst them. The Papas at length received a wound

in his shoulder, but the sight of his blood only inflamed him the more. Several other Greeks, encouraged by his example, had before this joined him; and Ibrahim, who saw every thing borne away by a handful of opposers, brought down his field-pieces to the plain, with which he sought to exterminate them. A ball at length finished the career of Papa Yauni, and his followers, intimidated by their loss, retreated fighting towards the citadel. The issue of this sortie proved a happy one to the Greeks, for a parley was forthwith sent to the castle, offering to all, should they surrender, their lives and a free passage to where they would: their horses, money, and arms, were to be the prize of the victors. The leaders consulted together, and agreed to surrender on these terms. The faith which the enemy had held towards the captives in Palaio-castro, gave hopes of equal fidelity being preserved towards those at Navarene. The Ambassadors, therefore, were sent back to the camp of their countrymen, and the Greeks awaited in sad silence the triumphal entry

of their victors : nor had they long to await : Ibrahim Pasha, mounted on a superb Arabian, with his officers on each side of him, and preceded by a body of Egyptian tactics, beating their drums, entered with a haughty air the capitulated town. Some of the lowest vlachoes, daunted by the expression of his dark eye bent on them, crossed their arms at his approach, while others, who had not lost by captivity their feelings of hatred and of pride, looked on him with indifference. The tactics ceased their exulting beat at the command of the Egyptian, who alighted and sat down, while the most favoured of his attendants stood by his side. The Arabs drew up in lines before him, while the Albanians were directed as well to secure the gates as to collect together the army of the conquered, who were to present themselves to the scrutiny, and deposit their arms at the feet of Ibrahim.

The cavalry, meantime, more of gentlemen than to be employed, were galloping and tossing the djhereed, and shewing off to all pos-

sible advantage themselves and horses, which had proved so formidable in the plains of Krimethi. Yet, spite of the richly-decked steeds, and the costly suits of the Beys and Agas around, none could cope with the Egyptian, who sat on a time-worn stone, apart from all save a few. His dress was plain, for the purpose of escaping notice; but his eye was the brightest and boldest of all present, and glanced itself over each small spot of the fallen city with an expression of indignation, at its having, even for a moment, resisted him. His beard was short and stunted; his features, dark and sallow, shewed the influence of the clime that had produced him, and were contrasted by the whiteness of his turban, which, in many complicated folds, sat tightly bound over his shaven front. His person, elegantly formed, was set off at every bend, without studying it, to advantage. Though there was nothing in his exterior that could be called strikingly handsome, his *tout-ensemble* had that property about it which suffices once only being seen to be remembered

always. At his right hand, and seemingly in high favour, sat the Frenchman, Suleimaun Bey, once a distinguished officer under Napoleon. He had become involved, with many of his comrades, in the intestine broils of 1816. Punished by expatriation, he fled over to Egypt, and offered his services to the Pasha. Fortunately for Séve (so was he called) the armies of Mechmet Ali had long been endeavouring to suppress dissensions amongst some hostile tribes, who inhabited a country on the further borders of the Nile, but without being able to effect their aim. Séve embraced the opportunity before him of rising into notice, and offering to organize a tactic corps among the Arabs, pledged his services to quell the insurrection. Mechmet Ali, though he smiled at a proposal which seemed the height of extravagance, offered to Séve all the encouragement he needed to effect his plans, warning him only, that in case of ill success, his head should pay for having put a Pasha to the indignity of giving ear to the fruitless promises of a Frank. The Frenchman accepted these conditions, hard as they were ; and although the task of

inculcating military order among a race so barbarous would have been beyond the power of a less energetic man, Séve's energy knew no bounds, and he reaped at length the reward of a daring spirit, in perfecting what he undertook. The success of the Egyptian troops was now unchecked, and their sway over the neighbouring tribes became resistless, while the Pasha, grateful both from principle and individual interest, loaded the French General with honours, and promised him so many more, that Séve, whose whole hopes were now reposed in the land of his new career, cast off both the dress and the recollection of his own, and intoxicated with dreams of exaltation, became the renegade they wished him. In consequence of this step, his power, which as a Frank must always have been limited, increased as a Mussulman to an absolute degree.

On the commencement of the revolution in Greece, his dignities were redoubled: he was promoted to the rank of Bey, to which was prefixed the name of Suleimaun; and, no longer Séve, he rejoiced at the opportunity afforded

him by this first expedition of Ibrahim, the son of his old patron, into the Morea, to assist in exterminating those whose faith one day had been his. Ibrahim, who promised, by the cultivation of Séve's military skill, to be the most formidable enemy to the Greeks, had given his sister to the new Bey (whose honours were continuing fast to accumulate), with a suitable dowry, for the sake, as was whispered, of connecting his services to him for ever. Suleimaun, determined that no slackness of devotion towards the cause which he had espoused, should tend to blight these favours as they budded, from that moment became the most orthodox of Musselmen, and now sat by the side of the Egyptian, with all the hauteur of a pampered zealot, slowly counting his beads, and looking with a supercilious eye at the Greeks who passed in muster before them. The officer next in favour to Suleimaun, who had taken his station at Ibrahim's left, was the Polander Slatoski, whose long white beard shewed his age, while the scars with which his face was covered gave signs of his various services,

During the first year of the revolution, he had taken up arms with the Greeks; but now, from whatever cause it might proceed, hated them worse than either the Egyptian or the French renegade. The procession of the vanquished, led up by a strong guard, passed by to be surveyed. The Pasha himself held out a large silken bag, which seemed to have been made expressly for the purpose of containing in it the riches of each individual, while Suleimaun received the weapons, and the Turkish cavalry, with great *nonchalance*, took the horses. A pair of gold pistols, richly mounted, and of goodly dimensions, charmed particularly the eye of the greedy Pasha, as Ytraco, the Moreote leader, surrendered them. He gave up, for a moment, his bag of riches to the Polander, that he might the better poise them, examined the barrels and the locks, and found all excellent; then passing them over to Suleimaun, he bent his head to Ytraco as he passed, and wishing him "long life," expressed his hopes "that the Greeks might ever be insurgent so long as they had arms such as these

to be possessed." Collenio, with Nastuli by his side, were the next who approached. The former Ibrahim guessed to be a Frank, by a certain peculiarity in his dress, and an expression foreign to a Greek. For the latter, though he could not distinguish him from a rebel Ghiaour, so oriental was every thing about his person, he nevertheless felt for a moment a kind of predilection, and relaxed somewhat of the malicious smile his features still retained, as the young Capitano emptied into the bag the contents of his ill-fated chimera. "Youth," he said, "do you belong to the race of my slaves?"

"If by your slaves you mean the Greeks, I am not one," replied Nastuli, in Romaic.

"What destiny then has driven you amongst them?"

"The holiness of their cause, and the noble resistance they have determined to make against oppression!"

Ibrahim frowned; his eye, which had beamed complacently before, called back its angry flash, and the haughtiness of his manner returned to him.

“Most obdurate of Christian dogs!” he exclaimed, “who render of the same hard hue my subjects; go fight with them, and better them, if you can. I have sworn by the Prophet not to harm you now; but should you again fall in my power, tremble at the fate in preparation for you: pass on.”

Nastuli obeyed with satisfaction; and Collenio stopped to pay his tribute. “And who are you?” asked the Pasha; “is the same devil in your spirit?” The Italian had scarcely opened his lips to reply, when the French Bey, who had been stedfastly looking at him, forgetting the present difference of their sects and animosity of their principles, arose from where he sat, and threw his arms around his neck: “Collenio!” he exclaimed, “have you forgotten Séve?” as the tear started in his eye, and all his remembrance of France came over him.—Collenio regarded him haughtily, then repulsed him with a cold formality. “I knew you,” he said; “you were once my friend, but I now disclaim you, as no other than a pitiful renegade.”

CHAPTER III.

— Let our parting

Be full as charitable as our meeting was,
That the pale envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions
May not feed fat with ours.

Old Play.

IBRAHIM, from whose notice the emotion of his favourite was not hidden, and unable to conjecture the cause which had agitated him, desired that he would relate it. Suleimaun complied, and informed the Egyptian that Collenio had served with him under Napoleon—that they had been brothers in arms, and stemmed together many unfriendly torrents.

“Next to the death of Santa Rosa,” added Suleimaun, whose heart was not altogether deserted by feeling, “nothing could have dis-

tressed me more than to find placed as my enemy one whom I love next to the Count. As to the fate of the other Frank," observed Ibrahim, "a perverse destiny presided over him. Orders were given to the Arabs to grant him quarter, but he would not accept it: all that I can give you, therefore, in requital for him, is as many heads⁽¹⁾ as you wish should be divided from the shoulders of the race that slew him. For the one now before me, what pay does he receive?" Suleimaun interpreted the demand. "Not a sous," replied Collenio. "Then," said Ibrahim, exultingly, "the next command to that of your friend—two hundred dollars a month, horses, house, slaves, and harem, shall be your's, if you come with me."

"Do," said old Slatoski to him in French, who seemed likewise to feel an interest in Collenio, from the nobleness of his demeanor. "Your cause may be, and is, I dare say, a very good one; but what d'ye gain by it, save kicks? For more than forty years I have bared my arm for liberty, and have never gained a para. I have for two years only taken up the opposite

side, and I am now as rich and merry as an emperor:" to demonstrate which, the old soldier took from out of his loose drawers a handful of machmouds, which he displayed exultingly. But Collenio was not thus to be tempted: he smiled at the humour of the old Polander; and Suleimaun, who mistook the reason of the smile, renewed his arguments to persuade him. "Should you feel compunction," he said, "in absolutely deciding to a revolt, (though such it cannot be from a service voluntarily entered, and wherewithal no perquisites have been received), march with the rest on your way; but when the cavalry, which will form your escort, leave on their return, I will give orders to the Aga who precedes them, to conduct you in suitable style to my house at Modon, where to-morrow we will dine and talk over matters. Should you then be unwilling to remain, my word is pledged that you shall be safely escorted to where else you will.

"If you have finished," replied Collenio, resolutely, "I will give you my answer. Collenio, 'tis true, is poor, but he has honour not the

less for that, which tells him, after once breaking bread with the Greeks, never to desert to their oppressors."

A flash of rage came over the visage of Suleimaun, and staggered even Ibrahim. Slatoski shrugged his shoulders and took a long pinch of snuff, and Collenio was suffered to retire. The precious burdens had all been deposited, and the cavalry being brought to order by their chief, formed a body, and escorted the unarmed Greeks, who, more disconsolate, no doubt, than they had been on their entry into the city to defend it, nevertheless pined not, but determining to keep up their native flow of spirits, from a motive of pride, even though the attempt should not tally with their humours, they had resort to their usual remedy of music, which, with them at least, softens every affliction, and bawled out their long Albanian strains in the ears of the musselmen who preceded them. The cavalry at length took their leave, and as they turned from the defeated, the latter party, who had been ill able hitherto to restrain the gall which lay in them, let it have free passage in

the shape of an extemporaneous adieu, which they uttered louder than their strains had been before, with eyes fixed upon their armless belts, which they swore should quickly be refilled with weapons of burnished steel, from the holsters of the gnashing Ottoman. Amidst the disorderly ranks of the defeated, Nastuli perceived Baltimore and Staunton, who at Palaiocastro had shared the same fate; they saluted each other cordially; but Baltimore, he soon found, to be labouring under an intolerable load of spleen. The reason was, that the American strategos, who had reckoned on any thing sooner than being vanquished, had carried to the field a more than ordinary quantity of Spanish coin, which had fed the rapacity of Ibrahim, instead of paying his soldiers, as he intended it should have done, and making his own perquisites. His old horse, in which he had struck so good a bargain, had shared the same fate; and, what was worse than all, his capote he had surrendered to the care of one of his stratioti, who, being left among the dead, never returned to resign his charge. The Palicari each now took a dif-

ferent route, some to Calamata, others to Tripolizza, but most of all towards Napoli, for the sake of stunning the government once again with unpleasant truths. Baltimore parted with his soldiers for the latter destination, while Nas-tuli, whom his interview with Ibrahim had reduced justly to a pará, felt likewise the necessity of a replenishment, not, however, from Napoli, as he received from thence no pay, as did the American ; but his banker in the islands was a surer one than the provisionary government, and thither he bent his steps. Staunton accompanied him, for affairs calling him to Mis-solonghi, he had to pass the same route. The large village of Philetrá rose in the midst of shrubs and olive plantations before them, and invited them, both by the luxuriance of its situation and the comfort of its small dwellings, to take up their repose within it for the night. But to invade it unnoticed was a task beyond them. Hosts of women, some beautiful as their plants, drew around as they approached, demanding anxiously " what news from Navarene ? " The cryers, (²) who stood at the suburbs on an ex-

alted mound, and passed through the village their observations as they made them, stopped Nastuli, and demanded *kamberia*⁽³⁾ of the town. Jopannee pointed to his belt, as the only answer. Shrieks followed from the women and curses from the men, while such a panic ensued as debarred our campaigners for a long time from the luxuries they had anticipated in the possession of a *konaki*. They were being led to one at length, when sounds, still louder and more thrilling, assailed their ears. The object of this tumult was an interesting-looking young woman, who, kneeling over the corpse of her husband, and oppressed by violent emotions, was singing, or rather shrieking, one of those wild incoherent strains which are used to be extemporaneously composed on a relation who has been killed in war, setting forth the whole catalogue of his good qualities. She spoke with a peculiar phrenzy of manner, and her imagination, more vivid in despair, suggested to her that a man with a pair of wings on his shoulders, (meaning a Frank with epaulettes), had killed her husband. She at the same time made

violent gestures towards the door, declaiming against him, and pointing out to those assembled around her the empty space which her fancy imagined to be occupied by him. That the idea of a Frank should have entered the brain of the poor creature at this moment, seemed strange, unless it be that some words which Staunton let drop inadvertently in his own tongue, gave her the suggestion, or else a former sight of the two Frank officers of Ypsilanti, who really wore on their shoulders the wings to which she alluded. However this might be, the spectators, most of whom had by this time become assistants, and stood round the corpse, bewailing little less bitterly than she did, looked shuddering towards the door to see if the "man with the wings," who had occasioned so much affright, still kept his station there; while the little child clung to the knees of its mother as she threw herself sobbing on the body of her spouse. It was with difficulty that they tore her away from it, and hardly had she arisen than she commenced, with a new transport of emotion, a dialogue with the slain.

She asked him, with a look of deep feeling, how she could for the future maintain her children and herself. She recalled to mind the days of her marriage, and how she had loved her husband, and with what tenderness she had guarded her infants ; nor did she discontinue her unprofitable rhapsody until exhausted, tottering, and pale like him to whom these doleful accents were addressed. Affected by the scene, the two Philhellenes retired to their quarters, where they learnt that the deceased, so bitterly bemoaned, had been killed in the siege, and brought over by an officious friend, instead of being left there, that some rites might be paid to him, and his soul stand a better chance than that of another's laying on the field. Before nightfall on the following day, the travellers arrived at the still fine city of Arcadia. Further from the scene of war than Philetrá, and better situated for defence, its inhabitants were not sensible of the same consternation as in the former place, but were well prepared to shew resistance, should the arms of their enemies be extended towards its walls. Several citizens,

and some straggling Capitani, were to be seen about the streets, with an unchecked hauteur upon their visages, making the best of their road towards the nearest caffè, to meet their friends, or to tell tales to strangers over the sherbet which flowed within. These, however, were every-day sights, and called not towards them the attention of Nastuli, whose eyes were attracted by a spacious building, at the open windows of which were to be seen a bevy of young beauties, talking loudly to each other, and looking out on the persons passing beneath them. So deadly a sin, committed thus with impunity, staggered for a moment the senses of the young Capitano. Collecting himself, however, and assuming an assurance to which the eclat attendant on his fresh arrival from the tide of war gave him a right, he threw his embroidered sacoula on the terrace where they reposed. To his surprise, not a single shriek, nor even an attempt to recede from their stations, followed this act of presumption, but taking it with a smile from where it lay, and examining well its work, they filled it with a store of the

best capnó,⁽⁴⁾ and giving it to the hands of a young page, fair as themselves, sent it back to its master, requesting his attendance, that their circle might laugh the more. Nastuli waited not for a second summons, but mounted hastily the steps which led the way to this hall of beauty. The ladies greeted him in courteous terms, and with gestures, rather than with words, invited him to repose; nor did he find this task as difficult as at the old Epparch's mansion, for a sofa, raised somewhat from the ground with cushions, which had lost no softness from the pressure of their amiable occupants, was placed in the very part where the breeze best liked to enter. While one brought him the silver ewer, and poured the water over his hands, another filled his chibouk, and a third presented him with choice sweetmeats from Pera. His surprise at this novelty of demeanor being interpreted by the damsel who served him into fear, she tasted lightly her own preserves, to assure him that her offering was not poison; and a young black slave, whose ears and neck were ornamented with precious

gems, the better to encourage him, sat at his feet and played some soft airs of greatest fashion in the Fanar. The admiration of Nastuli had scarce sufficiently cleared away to enable him to appreciate the beauty of his attendants and their kind ministry, when an old gentleman, clad in a long robe, and possessed of a snowy beard, stalked, with patriarchal dignity, into the fairy-land where he revelled, and created by his presence a visible disquiet amongst its tenants. The little black slave was the only one who remained unshaken. "Effendi," she said, addressing the old man, "here is a mylordo, who has just arrived from Navarene, where he has been wounded, and we have been refreshing him with our scanty store during your absence, that he might gain spirits to recount all the war to you when you arrived." The old gentleman waited not for a second introduction, but running towards Nastuli, seized him by the one hand, and taking the glasses where the sherbet had been in the other, threw them violently out of the window (^s), and looked at their fragments with satisfaction. The worthy old Stathaki who had given such an

unequivocal proof of his sentiments of esteem, even to his own suffering, was the English consul of Arcadia, that is to say, had a consular staff erected continually before his doors, and hoisted a rag at the end of it, which to all appearance could boast of more antiquity than either his house or station. For the rest, save the Sunday scrubbing, in which he sometimes employed himself for the purpose of beautifying this emblem of his dignity, his office was a sinecure enough, allotting to him only the penance of seating himself of an evening for half an hour in the shadiest spot of his veranda, smoking his chibouk, and offering up prayers to the Virgin for the ship, which, spite of his longing, came not. His zeal for the nation, however, whose part he was stationed there to take, manifested itself most loyally in the number of demands, huddled the one upon the other, which bursting from him in a blaze, cost Nastuli more trouble to reply to than had done all the years of the old patriarch's services to perform. Nor did the former recover from the perplexity into which their extraordinary nature had thrown him, until

the little black slave, who had all the air of being spoilt, impatient of listening to so long an account, which had in it not a word either of love or scandal to give interest, struck up the liveliest of all the airs she knew, accompanying it, the more effectually to silence the talkers, by a voice of more melody by far than either of *them* possessed. As her strains finished, the subject of course changed towards the singer: from her Nastuli followed to the other fairer attendants, until he learnt from Stathaki, whose circum-spection yielded to his politeness in satisfying the demand, that these ladies were Turks by origin, and had been made prizes by his sons, (two men of size, both in person and mustachios,) amongst whom they were equally divided; the young black having been presented, ostensibly, as a token of affection, to their papa; although Nastuli felt inclined to think that the colour of the slave, rather than the affection of the sons, had urged them to this act of generosity. The young ladies, however, seemed to partake much of the nature of the Sabines, in the speed with which their tears had been dried:

their temperament, indeed, was a still happier one; since, keeping themselves away from the violent extremes of hatred and then love which had marked the former towards their ravishers, these, though they liked well their christian husbands, liked as well, nevertheless, during their absence, to loiter on the balconies and cast their eyes around them, to see what best might suit their tastes for a new election, should such be ever necessary. The lateness of the hour, and the length of the old gentleman's discourse, after satisfying the curiosity of his guest, which served as a prelude to a hundred different subjects, reminded Nastali, that, although in fairy-land, its charms, existing only in imagination, had not the force to render subservient to them the sad reality of time, which already had conjured up darkness, besides a considerable degree of astonishment in the mind of Staunton. Taking leave, therefore, of the Consul and his ladies, he sought out the Konaki, wherein reposed, or rather tried to repose, the American whom he had quitted. Anxious for the fate of his friend, from the length of his absence, and

apprehensive lest some of his mad sallies might have brought him into evil, Staunton had declined to sup, and rolling about the mat on which he lay, tried to guess what kept so long the young Capitano. Just before the latter entered, he had dispatched two Palicari, with orders to call up, and thrust their heads into the abode of every family resident in Arcadia, for the sake of demanding news of him. Staunton's eye sparkled on his arrival, and Nastuli, seating himself by his side, recited to him, the better to disburden the flow of spirits he had acquired, the novelty of the scene which had detained him.

The American smiled as he marked the ardour with which his friend dwelt on the charms of the fair Turks, who had acted as slaves to him. "I was once like you, Nastuli," he said, "perhaps still quicker to receive impressions; but do not give way to them, for the momentary pleasure one derives from susceptibility is soon forgotten in the keenness of the pangs which follow more regularly in its train."

"Not a plant, or an insect, or even a woman,

but moves you to philosophy, Staunton!" exclaimed Nastuli: "now would I could turn you from that frigidity of habit, which, on the fairest of these three subjects, makes you so villainously censorious."

"Well, Nastuli," replied Staunton, "move off to your couch, and commune with your spirit on it; and if the visions awakened by a bright eye, are sufficiently powerful in their nature to suggest to you, on their departure, the slightest advantage to be derived from pining for its lustre, why I will allow you, on the conviction, to put all my philosophy to shame."

Nastuli agreed to the terms of this armistice, well satisfied that no conversion from his own delightful tenets could ever be enjoined to him with success.

Staunton—the obdurate at first, and inflexible—who would not bend his neck, much less swerve from his doctrine, to any in the world, for whom some external sympathy did not connect him, would have done far more than this for Nastuli. With him his bluntness had been tempered, his inflexibility rendered

pliable, as some germs of the young plant which he hoped to nurture amalgamated with his own rude stem. Instead of the gloom which at Napoli had haunted him, on the campaign he became merry and companionable, laughed at Nastuli's jests, because their reciter relished them, and exchanged his reflections, for whole days together, into levity, merely because he would not impose restraint over one hour's mirth of his young friend, whom he loved to see happy. He certainly *did* wish that this happiness had derived itself from a source more substantial than one merely founded on the buoyancy of youth—on a principle that ensured it: sometimes even he would venture to hint his thoughts, but so delicately and unobtrusively, with such a perfect deference to the judgment of the listener, and so little presumption of his own, that the light-hearted Nastuli, though at first they entered him unnoticed, at length found their seeds springing up, by little and little, spite of the carelessness with which he tended them. The kindness of Staunton's manner—the sacrifices which he

made, without seeming to acknowledge them, to every whim, by confessing him the promoter of his comfort, prevented the pride of Nastuli from taking alarm at viewing him as his preceptor. The mind of the young Capitano unconsciously acknowledged the ascendancy which his friend had gained over him. "That a being as superior to me," he communed within him, "as substance is to artifice, should thus minister to my smallest wants; descend even to my own nature, though to him it be a foreign one, merely not to hurt my vanity by abusing it; that such should make himself a mere slave in my hands, only that he may shame me of my pride, needs that I shew him some signs which he may hail as the effect of his exertions." On the next day the goal was visible, which was to separate them from each other. Though it was to terminate their fatigues, neither looked on Gastuni with pleasure. A gloom hung over Staunton in particular, which all the buoyant efforts of his friend increased instead of dispersing.

"Nastuli," he said at length, breaking the

long silence which he had held, "in a few hours we shall part company, and 'tis hard to say when we shall meet again, though, if you will forgive my superstition, I think, never. Promise me one thing, which may yet destroy this evil omen."

"A hundred," replied Nastuli, "will I likewise perform for you, sooner than this should be true."

"Go not with the Suliotes to Romigli, but rather accompany me to the Morea, where we have already fought together. Although I am far from presuming to look beyond the present towards another state, I yet foresee a cloud hanging over your destiny, indefinable in its nature, but not the less darkening, which I pray to Him alone who can avert dangers, to screen you from under, as it bursts." An air impressive beyond the common characterized the conclusion of Staunton's injunction.

"And pray, what great event do you just now anticipate?" asked Nastuli, with a smile, "after having kept silent all the way till the very spire is to be seen, over the chapel in the

town of our destination ? What sinister forebodings shed a gloom at this moment over spirits but yesterday so gay ?”

“ I repeat to you,” said the American, “ that their nature is to me as undefinable as my apprehensions for their event are fearful: one clue only remains to me to divine by ; check that romantic ardour which induces you to court pursuits, not because their nature is good, but because it is new ; but rather promise not to abandon me, and visit again the fertile plains of the Peninsula.”

“ Nay, then, have it as you will, Staunton,” replied Nastuli ; “ not for your croaking do I relent, for I believe that my destiny will be little influenced by your predictions ; but rather from a hope of reforming you to something less eccentric in your ways. We shall be then again companions, as soon as you return from your Missolonghiote affairs, and I will await here two days after my own are finished, for your return.”

Staunton's eye beamed satisfaction, and

spirits as light as those of his friend returned to him on the extortion of this promise. They had arrived with their soldiers within the town, when the latter, taking affectionately the hand of Nastuli, bade him adieu, while he led on the few palicari who were his followers, to enter the bark which awaited them: "You will then attend me here," he said, with a smile, as the broad *lateen* sail was hoisted; "let not any thing dissuade you from your promise."

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CHAPTER IV.

Men, fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,
And, as the grave, tenacious of the spoil.

Moscow.

Two days, and even four, did Nastuli remain at Gastuni, upon his return from Zante, yet Staunton redeemed not his pledge. The Romigliotes and Albanians meanwhile had begun their march towards Western Greece, for the purpose of resisting the Turks from Negropont, and the adjacent parts, who were devastating the few lands yet remaining to them. Gouras (who formerly had been one of the captains under the Greek chieftain, Ulysses, but who, on his turning against the government, had taken up arms to depose him, and sent him as prisoner to Athens,) was appointed com-

mander-in-chief of the forces on this campaign. Brave, yet cruel, of a gigantic stature and of undaunted resolution, he was the man in Greece well fitted to be obeyed : his manners were as stern as his appearance ; and the gaiety of the dashing General Kariskaki, and the buffoonery of Kitza Gervellas, his rivals for distinction, contrasted strangely with the gloomy reserve of this chieftain's habits : he had withal the talent of commanding so entirely his physiognomy as not to betray to the cleverest diviner the sentiment which tormented or rejoiced him at heart. Headed by this leader, in courage worthy of their race, the brave Albanians forsook the verdant clime of the Peninsula, for the never-ending barriers presented by the snow-topped mountains of their continent. Danglee yet remained behind them : he was a Suliote, young and gay ; had feasted with Nastuli, into whose society sympathy had drawn him, and having, moreover, inwardly resolved that his companionship should be enjoyed a much farther period, he now tarried at Gastuni to effect his resolution on the half-persuaded Philhellene :

he succeeded at length, for news arrived that Missolonghi was besieged; and Nastuli well knew that Staunton would stay in it longer in such an event than he had promised to do. The plains of Livadia were swarming with Turkish cavalry, on their way to cut off all provisions which the Greeks might attempt to throw in by land. The government had been tardy in its measures as usual; the evil having been long foreseen which now arrived: the Romigliotes, however, who as they are the bravest, so are they the vainest of the Greeks, were not willing to believe that their arms could ever come too late, but with a good Phrondistes in their train, (with which they took care on the onset to be well provided,) proceeded exultingly on their march, to the great detriment of all the unhappy peasants of the Morea, on whom they levied grievous contributions, quieting them, if they murmured, by a stroke of the yataghan, or consoling them with the reflection "that they had still enough left for Ibrahim, to whom they had unlocked so kindly the Peninsula." How *that* fared they little heeded, as it had always

treated them but scurvily, and held them in too great jealousy to enrich.

Danglee, with Nastuli by his side, on a charger which a Bulgarian had sold him, and followed by three hundred Albanians, were on the mountains which look down from their narrow winding pathways on Patras. These were longing for the beasts and pastures of their enemies as they beheld them, when an unlucky troop of peasantry, driving a flock of what they coveted, crossed them on their route. The plunder was commenced as an event of course; but the possessors, who from similar suffrages had become savage, and who were armed likewise to the teeth, and in a large body, remonstrated at first, declaring that they were for the use of a chieftain at Napoli; but finding their remonstrances ineffectual, one of the foremost drew his pistol from his belt; a yataghan struck it from his hand, which it cut to the wrist at the same time. "For Napoli!" echoed indignantly the Suliote, "burn that place with all its caffès to the ground; put the gold phermelis and the women in one common stove, and then, when

you have no nests to hive in, and no luxuries to share, you may fight, perhaps, as we do, who are homeless and barefooted."

Danglee, who led on this horde, gave his amen to half the wish of his follower: as regarded the female part, however, and the fate prayed for them so piously, he gave, internally, a very dissenting voice; for though on his march, when such thoughts were unworthy of him, or not to the purpose, he did not forget, nevertheless, what execution his handsome figure had done amongst the hearts of the pretty Moreotes in the vicinity. Nastuli, too, thought of Caterina and her loveliness, now that her conduct towards him was justified, and pressing to his lips the small gold ring she had given him, refused to join in the anathema. Danglee was a general admirer, not a particular one; for though unlike the rest of his brethren Suliotes, who hold as beneath them the indulgence of any other passion save revenge, he condescended to like womankind. His love for them, nevertheless, was passing as their mood, and hovered

about the one first and then the other, without ever centering in any individual object. Wild as were his followers, and temperate, comparatively so at least, as was the chieftain, they yet all loved him for this failing, in hoping to amend it; for, save some little depredations in which he sometimes disappointed them, they enjoyed more liberty under his banner than they did under the command of another. As he moved on, lightening with a long woven tale of Suli, the burden of the march, his palicari, some flocking around, would listen to it, while others, bearing his standard in advance, sang the following wild strain:

“Danglee is gone to the mountains. By day he assembles his palicari around him—at night he gives them this lesson: I wish none of you to be klephtes at goats and sheep, but klephtes at sabre and doupbéghi; to make a three days’ march in one night, and have your legs good for the morrow. Let us go and surprise the house of Keera Nicolóú,⁽¹⁾ who has so many machmouds within. Welcome is Danglee,

she will say, and welcome are his followers. While the bravest of you shall have the gold, the boys the paras, and I the woman."

Though this strain, so simple and so wild, fell far short of Ossian in its nature, it nevertheless lost not its force either on those who composed, or him who listened to it: it seemed to bring with it always the recollection of some memorable exploit; for Danglee would laugh, and his men would banter him as Dame Nicolou was mentioned. They arrived at length at Corinth, where all the army, amounting to four thousand, were awaiting barks to cross the gulf, and carry them to their own western territory. Each already exulted as he looked from the Acropolis on the opposite shore; and Nastuli, who repented neither of his companions nor his choice, smiled within himself at the idea of climbing up the same steep snowy hills which the old Epparch had been pleased to caution him about. His wish would soon be realized; for so near was the coast, that on Aspra Spetia⁽²⁾ the Turkish watch fires were clearly seen to blaze.

Meanwhile he could not neglect paying a share of his attention towards Corinth, where he rested. The extensive plain on which it stands is strewed thickly with the bones of quadrupeds and men, who fell there during its first siege, from famine or by the sword. The town, before the revolution a large one, and governed by a Bey, is now destroyed, even to a roof. While modern ruins lie scattered through its streets, mis-shapen in their texture, and crumbling at the tread, thousands of broken pillars, richly carved, forming by their weight a bed from the sunken ground wherein to repose themselves, make manifest her former temples, and even allow the imagination to revert to the "city of dissipation" it once was said to be. These scattered emblems of its former dignity, as they lie, in mockery of time to render them forgotten, on the ground, desolate and weed-grown, give a gloom to the mind, while the air, infected by the mortality on the plain, is breathed thick and unwholesomely, in unison with the nature of every thing around.

The acropolis alone, separated from the city, and towering even to the clouds, is blest by a purer atmosphere.

Barks at length arrived, and bore the army over to Aspra Spetia, five hours' march from Salona, which the Turks evacuated on their approach. Impatient to engage, Gouras continued his way to the monastery of San Luca, whose site lay on the heighth of a steep mountain, snow-topped like the rest. The atmosphere of Roumeli was no more the same as Nastuli had been accustomed to breathe in the Peninsula. The enervating influence of that was exchanged for a breeze which gave vigour : the sun, which there burns even during the spring-time, was here tempered in its rays, though summer was far advanced, by the broad hills, with their fir-trees and fountains upon them. The monastery shewed still, internally, rich specimens of architectural skill ; for it had stood out, from its situation, the destruction of others, and though one of the oldest, was yet the most perfect. The poor Caloyers⁽³⁾ who still, in spite

of the times, clung to their cells as the only retreat left, in trusting to the God whom they adored for their protection, made striking contrast with the stern, unpitying features of Gouras and his savage tribe, as they entered it on the eve of battle, to repose themselves. The Turkish cavalry were to be seen picquetted on a plain below them : whole fields of wheat, which had been passed by the Greeks on their way, and held in their mind's eye as good provender, should need be to tarry there, were now trampled upon, and cut down by the enemy. Exasperated at having their provisions thus intercepted, Gouras determined on an immediate attack, for the purpose of gaining, without loss of time, the position which they had lost. Danglee, the Suliote, and Nastuli, who shared with him the bivouac, were regaling themselves with a sheep, out of the many which his followers had driven before them, when the summons reached them to "move forwards and to fight." Danglee would have obeyed more cheerfully at any other time than now ; for he had begun to hold discourse

apart with one whom he seemed loth to quit even for a moment—a young and pretty girl, whose tresses, long and luxuriant, floated over a gold phermeli, and whose small white hand wandered for support to a brace of gold-wrought pistols, which sat on her taper waist. Whence she had sprung, or why she had then made her appearance, was to Nastuli quite unknown. But he admired her not the less for this mystery, of which he could ill demand the solution; for the increasing lustre of Danglee's black eye, as he looked on her and heard her speak, shewed that he loved his charge; and that he loved her best to be unknown and uninquied of, seemed also evident, since he *now* took her apart, and *before* had never hinted even that she lived. She looked playfully on him, and though clad in the accoutrements of war, her manners and her form were not the less gentle, while she seemed in confidence to seek protection from her lover. Danglee, however, was to leave her, and calling four of his trustiest followers, he cautioned them to stay by her at the monastery until the fight was

over, and not to quit "Capitan Cattina," whether living or dead. He gave her no kiss at parting, for such a salute towards a woman would have been unworthy of a klephtis; but he looked on her as fondly as though she had shared with him a hundred; and then in light mood called his men together, and marched on.

But the plain was again deserted by the cavalry, and the stakes to which their horses had been fastened were the only traces that remained of them. There was no need, however, of long conjecture to determine the route which they had taken, for a heavy fire from the direction of Salona, gave signs that they possessed her ramparts. Though this was a severe blow to the hopes of the Albanians, yet did they not the more despond. Confident that could they force but one engagement, their lost ground would be attained, they hastened to occupy one of the passes through which the enemy must send in their provisions, as the most effectual way of harassing them. Some scouts well mounted were dispatched in ad-

vance, one of whom returned with intelligence that the village of Desfina was in flames. This little spot, which took its name in honour of the Virgin, and where a small church dedicated to her homage had held out long to the stern Albanian's milder hopes of heaven, was the only hamlet that had preserved the idea of civilization, throughout their wild and desolate inheritance. That it should be thus despoiled, inspired them with phrenzy. Danglee, who always had a reverence for the Panogea, because she was a woman, attended by Nastuli, and five hundred soldiers, went forwards to defend it, or to extinguish the flames; but these had left no dwelling unsought save the church itself, which was surrounded by a small party of Musselmen, who had just set fire to its roof. The Greeks forced their way towards the incendiaries, who vainly endeavoured to escape. All flight was barred, and a dreadful retribution awaited them. Too late to avert, the Greeks determined to revenge a sacrilege committed just beneath their eyes. Their hatred towards the race before them was now height-

ened twofold by the effect of bigotry, as they looked on their cross in flames. The roof was thrown down precipitately by one of the most pious Albanians, who braved the fire for that purpose, while its blazing rafters were borne away by others, and the Turks led near them. They were stripped, and had their limbs bound with their own sashes, whilst the Albanians were contending for the few piastres which their cast-off chimeras contained.

The victims were four in number: the three looked on the burning rafters in horrible despair; but one, who seemed by his dress and mien their chieftain, viewed them with a placid eye. "Had the cross been there too, I should have died more willingly," he exclaimed; "but it has been reserved. I expire, however, a good Mussulman; and for the race who sacrifice me, preserve my hatred; nor can they make me fear. They destroy me who am but one, whilst I have crucified hundreds of them, whose blood, in rising to my memory, shews Paradise opening to me its gates."

These recollections, which the proud chief so

loved to indulge in, were interrupted by a dark Suliote, who, with the blunt side of his yataghan, struck him on the shoulder; for the palicar had recognized, in his unrelenting features, the same who had killed his brother on a former campaign. As the slaughter of a relative is followed by the Albanians from generation to generation with heavy judgment on the perpetrator, this discovery boded no alleviation of torment towards Omer. But the chief was prepared for all that could be his fate. When fastened to the stake, he spate on the Ghiaour who bound him there. The rest were impaled, and their torments, of which he was the spectator, were in a very few hours terminated by death. But Omer was tied only, and when before the slow fire which they prepared, every muscle of his countenance was keenly noticed, but the triumph of his enemies was defeated, for not a groan was uttered by him, nor did a trait alter itself: firm in the faith he had plighted, he looked ever the same, spite of his agonies so excruciating, until the force of the

fire forbade his countenance to be distinguishable. Death, at length, relieved him; and Nastuli, who had been a spectator of his sufferings, wholly unable to render them less horrible, secretly uttered a prayer, that one so strong in faith as to bid defiance to such torments, might be admitted into the Paradise which his extravagant imagination had already seen opening to him. As he turned from the consummation of the scene, an indescribable sensation of disgust came over him. Danglee observed the labouring of his mind, and struggled to remove it. "No doubt," he said, "this sight has astonished you; but you have not, like us, had your sisters debauched, your parents crucified, and your little brothers or children tost on the point of the scimeter. Each of us have lost thus some of our relatives; and their agonies, I repeat to you, have been far greater than those which the infidels have now suffered. It would be better, you will say, at once to shoot, or quickly put an end to them, as we can do no more at last; but no—we

wish to intimidate them, by a retaliation of their own cruelties, from exercising similar ones in future upon the defenceless part of our nation."

The army of the Greeks had now removed to a small monastery situated on a hill, at a cannon-shot distance from the olive groves of Salona, while the brave Kariskaki, with a few followers, had taken possession of the narrow defile through which the provisions would have to pass. The Romigliotes, with that enterprising spirit which distinguishes them, would every night, in small bodies of fifteen or twenty, make a sortie from their posts to the olive groves, right under the mouth of the battery, and returning with success, carry off sheep and goats, as well as a large number of horses, for their trophy. But no decisive engagement had yet taken place, since the Turks, secure in a tolerably well fortified town, feared not the invasion of an enemy who had not a single field-piece in their possession. After some time, however, spent thus, a troop of five hundred of the Delhis, with their tall bushy caps on head, rode up undauntedly, and measuring

with their eye the exact distance to which a musket shot would reach, stood at the extremity of the point they had decided on, and held a parley with the Greeks on the walls and about the precincts of the monastery. After the usual abuse on both sides, in which the Christians excelled, the latter, worked up to a pitch of exasperation, made a sally from their lurking-place; their loud Albanian war-shout echoing from glen to glen. The Delhis received coolly their attack, and only when the first heat had subsided, gored with their sharp stirrups the flanks of the steeds that bore them, dashing them at the same time upon the Greeks, who preserved no order, but were scattered about in various directions. A charge of Delhis upon a plain, level as that whereon they had drawn their enemies, places in a dubious way of resistance, even a well-regulated infantry opposed to them. But though the advantage in every point was theirs, though the most skilful horsemen, and the bravest of their tribe, they had now to do with men who, wild and unnurtured as the bare moun-

tains they sprung from, were, nevertheless, as little daunted by their charge. The Suliotes disdained to retire; they had but to think of their little rock once so dear to them, but now snatched away, and each heart would throb exultingly at the sight of his oppressor rendered lifeless, even though he knew that his own blood, and that of all his brethren in existence, would answer for the pleasure that it gave him. Of such a standard were they who received the Delhi's shock: hundreds were laid low by it, but the surviving comrade looked with envy on the one destroyed, for their birth-place was gone; they were homeless and neglected, and retribution now was all they needed, which they sought for with the sabre that never dropped from the clenched hand, until death had made it the prize of another. The cavalry, thinned in their numbers by the Doupheghia and pistols of the Albanians, prepared for a retreat, but old Marco, with a body of his palicari, followed like blood-hounds in their track, pressing the sides of some fine Arab horses, which they had plundered from the olive grove of the

enemy. The Delhis, ever advancing towards their fortress, kept up a flying skirmish for a time, but soon imagining the numbers that pursued them to be great, looked not behind them again, but redoubled the speed of their misuris. Marco, the old klephtis, sabre in hand, his horse being the fleetest, found himself detached from the small handful he had led on, and within pistol shot of the flank of a heavy-armed Delhi. Regardless of his lonely state, he dashed his panting steed right on him, and throwing from his hand the reins, sprung forward on his high saddle, aiming a stroke at the Turk with his scimeter. Too eager, however, for the destruction of his adversary, he had forgotten to measure well the ground he stood on, for his horse slipping into a small cavity while at full speed, fell and hurled poor Marco at his length under the belly of the Delhi's more wary steed. The Turk had already dismounted and drawn his sabre to dispatch the Suliote, when the latter jumped upon his legs and opposed him. They fought hand to hand for a space, but at length the former, fearing to pro-

long the engagement until such time as the pursuers should come up with them, drew unobserved from his belt one of the large gold-handled pistols it inclosed, and discharged its contents upon his adversary. Old Marco received them and fell, but not unrevenged, for as the Delhi mounted and spurred on his courser, the Greeks arrived, and a stroke from Lambro's scimeter sent his head rolling on the ground, to appease the manes of their captain. The Suliote felt that his end was approaching, and desired to be borne to the arbour of firs which had been raised for his repose. The sun was hiding its broad disk as the palicari, who only regretted to survive him, stood in a circle around their chief. His eye was bright, his front unclouded, and he had lost none of the mirth he loved to indulge in, as he gave to his followers the last commands. "You, my lads," he said, singling out of their body a small band, "go search for water with which to supply yourselves on the morrow. Michali, my nephew, sit down by me, take my arms, and be you captain in my stead. For you," he added, turning to the rest,

“ go search me a confessor, to whom I may tell my sins ; since for thirty years I have been an armatoli, and for twenty years a klephtis, and now my end is come. Make me a tomb, and let it be wide and high, that I may stand upright or bend myself within it: leave a window at the right side of it, that the swallows may come there to announce to me the spring, and the nightingales chaunt the good month of May.”

This extravagant injunction was scarce finished, when the undaunted old klephtis sunk in peace within the arms of his nephew. His ideas were wilder, from the inspiration of his last hour, while he retraced the image of that which he had loved, and most regretted to lose, now that his life was about to terminate. The event of the day, though it cost to the Suliotes one of the bravest of their chiefs, redounded nevertheless to the advantage of the whole: the “ caps of terror ” were strewed every where about, as they had fallen from the heads of the retreating Delhis, and were carried off as trophies to adorn the walls of the monastery.

Many of the fallen bodies, too, contained rich prizes, which were contended for by the Albanians. So elate did they become by their success, that they would have pushed their victorious arms even to the gates of Salona, had not Gouras, more collected, restrained them. Some prisoners had been made, but were spared from death; and Nastuli, who had escaped unhurt from the event of the day, forgot, 'midst the present levity of the victors, the excesses he had seen them once commit. To-day they had shewn themselves what he wished they might be—brave, enthusiastic, and withal merciful. It was still Greece, and his retrospect on their ancestors and their glory no longer appeared to him visionary, while he viewed their present regeneration. Costa, the brother of the noble Marco Botzaris, who at the pass of Thermopylæ had fought and bled still more nobly⁽⁴⁾ than Leonidas, stood by his side. Will their feats be unheard-of by posterity, or cease to claim glory, because those who achieved them had the misfortune once to be slaves?—their garlands be sullied, because

tures. The Greeks, unable to divine the cause of his sadness, conjectured that he must be in want of parades.⁽¹⁾ Nastuli alone thought that his friend stood more in need of sympathy. Weeks passed away, and, save in midnight depredations, the fight was idle on both sides. The check which the Turks had received seemed to have put an end to further ingressions from them, for not a turban was perceptible beyond their olive groves; while the Albanians, supplied with flocks either from the mountains beyond them, or from their enemies in the vicinity, contrived to feast well, and even at times to get their chitza replenished. One day, when noon had been announced by the sun,⁽²⁾ and the appetites of those in the Greek camp were aroused by the savoury odour of roasted sheep, some old klephtes Capitani sat down to their repast, beneath the pleasant shade of a fir tree, which they had prudently made choice of for a konaki. Danglee and Nastuli were in the circle of these veteran chiefs. The lamb was finished, their hands were wiped, and nothing remained save the accustomed ceremony to perform.

The Chīous, therefore, stripped the blade-bone of all its meat, leaving the thin veins discernible, and examining the course of these minutely,⁽³⁾ sighed while he handed it over to the curious old Capitani for their inspection. It had augured that the Turks would maintain their position in advance, spite of all attempts to recover it, and that Missolonghi itself would be relieved by the Greeks a day too late. Nastuli, Hellene as he had become, could not refrain from a smile at the obstinate faith held by all in these predictions, not unshared in even by his friend Danglee. "Let us rather," he said to the latter, "consult the oracle of Delphos, and then, perhaps, I may even gain some hint as to whence proceeds your sudden sadness."

As the site and even some remains of the oracular temple still existed at Castri, a small village on the mountains, at only four hours' distance from the camp, this suggestion was neither impossible or even difficult to be put in practice; and lightly as it had at first been uttered, on revolving in his mind the facility of its execution, Nastuli strengthened it into a

serious plan. Danglee, too, smiled assent, perhaps because the wish was original, perhaps only because he thought his friend would do well to see it, and even offered to accompany him. The Chiëse was called and the horses brought, while an escort of twenty palicari, whom the Suliote selected, were summoned to attend them. Their road lay first through defiles deep and narrow, then, as it proceeded, stretched away once more over broad mountains, whereon were to be seen no traces of vegetation, save here and there a solitary fir tree, planted in a lake of snow; yet the air had no keenness in it, nor did it rush over them with a gloomy sound, but was soft, and breathed on them so lightly, that the young chieftains were tempted to pause and enjoy it, as they gained the farther summit. Hence was to be seen the fertile plain of Livadia laid out below, and dwindled into the appearance of a small valley, bounded again at its extremity by mountains cloud-wrapt and wild, like those they stood on, at whose base murmured the waves from the neighbouring bay

of Athens. They descended, and crossing a dark ravine, were brought into a wood of pines, the pathway through which was so steep, and in some parts so slippery, that Nastuli wondered how his misuri could keep his footing, and avoid rolling with him into the cataract which foamed and roared beneath. On emerging from its shade into light, he looked on the far-famed hill of Parnassus, which towered above the ridge of the mountains, along which they were clambering. The eagles soared over their heads, skimming at times the air, then dashing down as though hurled with impetus by some power who resisted their approach so high. The young Suliote relaxed his pensive look, and smiled exultingly as though he had arrived at the place he best liked to be; then giving up his horse to the Stratiote in attendance, he took the steep path on foot. Nastuli followed his example, but felt it more difficult than he had imagined, to keep up his pace with that of his friend, for Danglee had all the mountain soldier's points rooted in him, and clambered over

a precipice, or shot down a derivane, swifter than the goats he so often had entrapped.

The cataract was passed with caution, and Castri appeared, seated in a glen, and overhung by the mantling cliffs above it, which sheltered its village partially from the storm, while its small ruins were given shade by the larch trees and olives which stood amidst them. The temple, or rather where the temple had been, for a solitary fragment was all that remained of it, was the spot which they selected for their bivouac. The spirits of Danglee were wild as ever, and his sparkling eye gave no hints that it had so recently been dimmed by sorrow. "My young klephtis," he said to Nastuli, "love you not better to sit and meditate here mid calm scenery, at this pleasant hour, when the moon sheds its light over things you have read of, than to repose on the skirts of some modern dwelling, looking over hedges and fields, in the dull clime of the north? so cold too, that your visions all die in their rise, from the pain it requires to conjure them. Would you not rather

live for ever in such a land as this, where the balminess of the air might mix with your spirit, than become frozen and cold-hearted elsewhere?" The influence of the hour and clime had in fact crept over the system of Nastuli, while he looked on the loveliness of the scene. It reminded him of days when on foreign shores he had felt happiness in similar contemplations with those whom he had loved to be near, but from whom he had ceased to hear tidings, and knew not whether they might still exist; things, from the recollection of which he had long alienated himself, 'mid the force of wilder pursuits, now bursting on his memory, at once chastened, to their first pure source, the feelings he had been of late acquiring, and shewed him, that in spite of all his ambition to become so, he was not yet the wild bandit who cared for nothing, save to sport in the luxury of savage nature over every extent before him, and who could forget, in the bleak snows and dreary wastes, that all on earth was not cold and wild as the part over which his empire lay. He scarce could bode what events were preparing

for him; he had drawn out, he felt, no line to act by, but had shaped his course entirely by passion, which, subsiding 'midst the influence of a scene like this, brought him to an inquiry on how he stood with the world, or how he should best advance himself in it.

Mere attachment to wild scenes and pursuits—a mere romantic longing for novelty—could never, unless backed by something else, gain for him, ultimately, either happiness or fame; since such feelings, in themselves, are too chequered, too unsubstantial, to enable a man to gain permanency by the actions to which their dictates alone would spur him. Nastuli, in short, perceived, when left to communion with himself, that the principles he acted by were unsolid and erring; but he perceived likewise, that they had gained their footing so firmly within him, as to have created a second nature, which he in vain endeavoured to expel at a moment when the moon-light, shining so beautifully, and the ruined Temple of Delphos, reflected on by its beams, appealed to his romance more forcibly than ever. Danglee,

meanwhile, during the long reverie into which his friend unconsciously had fallen, was not wholly unoccupied: he had retired, and was accosting the mouldering fragments of the oracle on various subjects; at first with a light and unimportant air; then, as though stirred to emotion from the spirit of the place, his look became impassioned and his tone energetic, while he called to the dull sleeping thing which would not answer him, and demanded "when his home would be restored?" A sound, stronger than an echo, followed this inquiry,—then what seemed to be a groan, and afterwards a struggle, but all passed quickly; and Nastuli, whose attention had been awakened by it, had but just started from the ground, when Danglee returned to him and smiled at his apprehensions: for the groan, he assured him that it was but fancied,—for the struggle, he added, it was but his endeavours to extricate himself from some rubbish over which he had stumbled.

Nastuli was satisfied by this explanation of the mystery, nor did he take further heed of the paleness and agitation of Danglee, on being

assured that it proceeded merely from a slight illness to which all his forefathers had been accustomed, but which would pass with the minute. It passed, as he had predicted, but the gaiety which had been his before consulting the oracle, returned to the Suliote no more. As though overcome, at length, by strong internal workings, beyond the power, without assistance, of subduing, he caught the hand of Nastuli and sighed: "My friend," he said, with an air wherein levity no longer dwelt, "you see before you at this moment the most wronged of all to whom Suli ever gave birth. Not only have I lost, in common with my brethren, the relatives to whom I was attached; but also those still surviving, the dearest to me of my tribe, with whose safety and honour Heaven has entrusted me, are deprived of both by a stranger. My possessions extend over half the plain of Livadia, my ancestors having had it as their birthright; hither I fled when Suli was destroyed, taking with me a young sister and an aged servant, all who remained of my house, hoping that here might

still be found some of my adherents, and that by their means I might place those dependant on me in safety. But all those who had known and loved me were long since banished by Panourgé, the Athenian, who, incensed at my arrival, was not content with chasing me from my domains, and setting fire to the cottage which had shielded me, but slaughtered my old domestic, and seized my sister, being beautiful, that she might share his haram. Mad with rage, I was still forced to stifle my schemes of vengeance, until a moment should arrive in which I might render them effectual. Leaving the inheritance of my fathers, I wandered day and night over the mountains, living on the scanty portion of herbage which chanced to fall in my way, hoping to join my exiled compatriots. One day, when fainting from fatigue, I had sank upon the rough steps of a small deserted monastery, revolving my fallen fortunes and cursing the hour of my birth, a youth, mounted on a fine misuri, and followed by several palicari, passed by me. The courteous greeting of "*ora kalee sas* (⁴)" had scarcely

past, when they perceived the state into which I had fallen ; and while the soldiers shared their provision with me, the youth dismounted, and seating himself by my side, put my hand within his. The gentleness of the pressure given astonished me, and I looked involuntarily upon the face of the bestower ; but judge of my surprise, when I beheld in the chieftain, Cattina, the fair sister of the tyrant Panourgé, who had usurped my estates : yet, though of the same blood, their natures were totally disallied. We had known and loved each other while children, she since had heard of my misfortunes and the author of them, and her love strengthened, instead of being diminished, as she grew a woman. She followed the route I had taken, determining to find me, and whispered to me that I might yet, with her assistance, redeem my former fortunes. Studding herself, before her flight, with gems and rich embroidery, she began by loading me with the jewels of which I had been robbed by Panourgé : then, vowing never more to acknowledge him as her relative, nor to hold as sacred the ties of consanguinity which united

them, she persisted in following me to the field as my Caphidgee, and seek, in my society, the means of restoring my rights, and those of her who alone survived of my once numerous family. "Two years have elapsed," resumed Danglee, "since our first meeting,—the fervor of our attachment has been increasing daily,—for some time she would absent herself, with the most trusty of her followers, searching midst these mountains and the valleys adjacent, whether things might have shown a better aspect, and Panourgé be brought to penitence, or whether my old retainers had returned to assist me. That day, on which you saw me leave her in the charge of the few stratioti, she came again hither; but since then having seen her no more, and ignorant of her fate, I fear, lest at every winding of the path, her once fair form may be stretched at my feet,—not as it was when she hung over and embraced me, but a foul corrupted mass; its beauty all made to wither by the steel of Panourgé."—Danglee stopped for a moment; and by the internal contention of his feelings, seemed to have brought this sad image before

him in all its reality ; while Nastuli, not much less affected than himself, bent his head towards the young Suliote, as he sorrowfully, and in a low voice, proceeded : “ My utter ignorance of her fate caused the melancholy into which I suddenly fell ; nor, until you mentioned the oracle of Delphos, did a trace of it begin to vanish. Then rushed to my mind Cattina, my sister, my lands, and all the tyrant had deprived me of ; for I fancied the idea with which you were inspired to be but the way pointed out to me by providence, for redeeming or avenging them. At this moment we are not an hour’s reach from where they lie, and where their usurper lurks,—my followers are trusty as the blade they draw,—and to-morrow, if my young Klephtes will add his assistance, Danglee, reinstated in his former rights, will teach him to bound, with the chamois, over his liberated strong-holds, and his hand shall be pressed to the lips of the fairest of his countrywomen, in gratitude at having assisted in their delivery.”

The young and susceptible mind of Nastuli, aroused insensibly to feelings no less vivid in their

nature than those of the injured Suliote, needed not this last promise to make him comply with the mead craved of him. His spirit, endowed with a strong portion of chivalry, spurned at the bare mention of wrongs, and thirsted to redress them; but when, added to this, a fair young Caphidgee was placed before him, who had sacrificed her kin, her all, for the avenging of her lover's injuries, how could he refuse to add his *single* power — *he* who had nothing by it to lose—for the good cause of suppressing despotism, and bringing their true love to a happy termination? He took, therefore, the proffered hand of Danglee, and vowed to stand by him in his good efforts. The Suliote strained him in gratitude to his breast, while he said, with a lower voice than before, "Let us now go hence, for enemies may skulk near to mar our enterprise;" at the same time awakening the stratioti, who lay wrapt in slumber on the ground, he bade them by a gesture, which they seemed well to understand, to follow him quickly. Nastuli walked silently by Danglee, observing, not without surprise, that two strangers had been added

to their party, who, serving as guides, led the way through paths and windings, which one who had not lived always in the midst of them, would have deemed inexplicable, until they arrived on an acclivity, where stood a ladder curiously constructed, and another placed over it, leading to a cave, which, formed by nature, stood in the rock above them. Here they mounted by means of these steps, and arrived in the interior, illuminated by torches, which gleamed fitfully over numerous implements of war scattered about, as well as upon the faces of a rude looking set of Albanians, sitting round a low trencher laden with olives, and whiling away the hour with a description of their several feats, and with the burst of wild merriment which attended their accounts. To these Danglee did not utter a syllable; but taking from within his vest a shawl, bound up tightly to a small compass, which hitherto had reposed there, he threw it amidst their circle: this they unfolded carefully, and looking for some time at its texture, although, apparently, nothing was enclosed therein, discoursed with each

other in the Albanian dialect, and manifested an extraordinary degree of exultation, while they pledged their chieftain with their hand raised to their head. Danglee retired to a corner of the cave, inviting Nastuli to accompany him; and seating themselves, the chibouk was presented by a page, and coffee was brought to him upon a silver chaucer. This confirmed, what Nastuli had before imagined, that Danglee was owner of the cave; and referring to him for the truth of his divinations, was informed that this, as well as many others, had been selected by the Suliote, and kept manned from their being in the vicinity of his estates, and consequently aided his schemes for their restoration. "I once was rich in all, young Capitano," he said, mournfully; "but now Danglee, of the first house in Suli, is doomed to seek his heritage amidst caverns, fitter for wild beasts; but as he is hunted like one," he added, "so will he shew to his oppressors that he can become one."

Affected deeply by the wrongs which his friend had suffered, Nastuli's warm imagina-

tion converted them into his own ; and longing eagerly for the morrow's dawn to break, that he might aid in executing what they now only concerted, he laid down in his capote and slept, while visions of hope and happiness hovered over his repose. But the morrow was destined to change these to disgust, and in dissipating their illusions, destroy his light-heartedness for ever ! A mistaken zeal, an attachment to a traitor, while it led him to participate in crimes,—unconscious, till too late, of their being so—sunk his ardent and susceptible nature under the weight of miseries which itself had created ; dimmed his eye from the lustre it before possessed ; and gave to his cheek that sunken hue which defies aught to restore it to its bloom.

CHAPTER VI.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the offices and affairs of love ;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.

Much Ado about Nothing.

CATERINA, the young Moreote, since the departure of Nastuli, had maintained her abode in the gay city, where he left her: her thoughts, pure as those which a first passion inspires, were often set on the young Capitano now at the wars. She still hoped that the accounts she had heard of his inconstant mood and evil doings might be untrue, and with the frankness of nature which distinguished her, she would express the same hope aloud to her young companions. Tempted by the influence of a clear

warm sky, she one day rambled with these, on the fertile plain before the gates, and arriving at a small spot encircled with fig-trees and olives, which gave freshness and shade, they stopped to enjoy it, and in that listless mood, engendered by the exertion of their walk, some told little love-tales, suggested either by fancy or memory, while the rest plaited into various forms the wild flowers which grew around them in profusion. A garland had been woven carelessly by the hands of Caterina, which pleased the taste of the little party, and longing for some purpose to which to appropriate it, they called a consultation with each other, and after every head had run upon some invention, and every proposal had been rejected, the fair one who had twined the wreath, gave her vote as to its bestowal. "You cannot be ignorant," said she, "how in Arcadia, in days long since gone by, our ancestresses used to divert themselves : they would weave a garland such as this is ; and having drawn lots for an arbitress, the chosen one was to receive a kiss from the lips of each, and to place on the head of her whose

salute seemed sweetest the crown of contention, adjudging her queen of the sports during the day. The custom, to be sure, is old, but why should we not revive it?" This last proposal touched the fancy of all. The spot was first well traversed, every stone of it turned up minutely, to see that no intruders might be crouching near, and then, when each felt satisfied of her privacy, Caterina was chosen as arbitress, and the same garland she had woven suspended in her small white hand, while a circle was formed round her by her young companions, each of whom, disjoining herself from the rest, to approach her, planted on her lips a kiss of virgin innocence. Half their numbers had acquitted themselves of the ceremony, and the little judge was torturing her memory to recollect which of all these embraces had been sweetest to her, when their sport was interrupted by a rustling noise, which seemed to be that of one extricating himself from some thick foliage in the vicinity. The crown was dropped in a moment; the recollection of all the kisses which had been received utterly lost; and the

young party were preparing hastily for flight; when their composure was somewhat restored, at perceiving the cause of their terror to be a female. She was taller than any of their party; her dark hair was bound behind her in long tresses; and her countenance was both handsome and expressive. Though the courage of the party was somewhat revived, on finding that their worst apprehensions were not verified, a blush still remained upon their cheeks, and, half ashamed of the nature of their sport being unfolded to a stranger, they suffered the garland to lay where it had been thrown, and their occupation to be suspended. The young intruder, who saw that she had interrupted them, begged earnestly that their amusements might be resumed, and that she herself might be admitted to a share in them, "as they were so pretty and so ancient." "She had stolen," she said, "invited by the sunniness of the day, to this retreat—lonely in general, and always beautiful—attended by her mother, and had just arrived at the small chapel below them, when, struck by female voices, and a noise of revelry above,

she had left her aged parent to pray to the saints, and had ascended the little mount, to crave," she added, "a share in their sports, if they would admit her to them." "Are we heard, then, below?" asked one of the young sisterhood eagerly (not attending to this last petition of the stranger.) "Holy Virgin! what, if there should be men near to surprise us!" "No men are near," replied the handsome visitant, "otherwise I would have warned you of them. We are far from the haunt of all, and our mirth is an innocent one: why then should we fear to resume it?" Their apprehensions became lulled at this assurance, and the crown was reassumed by the arbitress, round whom the circle was again formed, while the siege was recommenced on her pouting lips: the young uninitiated blushed as her turn approached; whether from a remembrance which this novel scene called up, whether from mere native bashfulness, none could tell; but the tint of offended modesty soon passed her, and the kiss which she planted on the lips of the fair arbitress was adjudged to be

the deepest drawn, and most acceptable, of any that had been received before : the crown she had merited was accordingly placed upon her brow, and, using her privilege as queen of the sports, she joined her hand with that of the sportive Caterina, and led off with her the Pyrrhic step. Fatigued at length, they seated themselves upon the soft herbage beneath them, and the fascinating stranger, still retaining hold of the passive hand of Caterina, ordered that some tale should be recited by each. As her *omnipotency* for the day had been signed by all, none could refuse this summons ; and a whole legion of ghosts, giants, and vampyres, were forthwith conjured from their brain, to comply with the command of their sovereign ; yet, as though distrustful of their feelings, or unconscious of its power, not one spoke, midst all this, of love, and the description of ghoules and fairies seemed wholly tedious to the queen, until Caterina gave her little story : it was short and simple, and of a nature apparently uninteresting as those of the rest ; but the queen clung

to every word of it, and kissed the lips from whence it had been uttered, while she demanded, "if ever she had loved?"

"I thought so once," replied Caterina, who gained confidence by the attractive manners of the stranger, "but I hope never to suffer more by it; for youth are all lovers and deceivers, and she who has surrendered her heart to one of them can never be happy as before." She then repeated the same question to the enquirer.

"I have loved, and love still," answered the queen, with a tone of emotion; "but I fear that the object of my love is insensible to it."

"And how is it possible," said one of the party, "that a woman can ever possess affection for a man who slights her? Where there is beauty one is sure of admirers, and can set her heart on one of their number, who will never give it pain by his obduracy."

"I yet pity the object whom I adore," said the queen; "for as I have never told him my feelings, it may perhaps be timidity alone which prevents him from anticipating me. Yet were I

sure of it, I would almost venture to declare to him my sufferings." As she finished, she bent her dark eyes pensively on Caterina, as though to solicit her advice on a similar occasion; but no answer, save a sigh, escaped her.

The sun was already sinking behind the distant hills, when the little party, fearful lest suspicion should be attached to so long a ramble, proposed to retire to their homes, expressing thanks at the same time to their fair queen for the part she had taken in their sports. She, however, spite of this, still lingered, as though some destiny had attached her to the spot; and would have commanded a longer continuance of the sports, had not Caterina, withdrawing the hand which had been placed in her's, and pointing to the sun, reminded her that her sovereignty only lasted until that bright orb set. "Your mother too," she added, "will ere this have finished her devotions, and be awaiting in fear and anxiety your return." Another kiss was given, and the queen, her reign now over, parted from the spot she seemed to have wished so to linger on with the rest. The little party

returned to their abodes, well pleased with the occupations of the day.

Sleep soon laid its hold upon Caterina, and a thousand pleasant dreams, taking their hue from the events of the noon, possessed her fancy during the first part of the night, as she thought of the queen's pensive look on her; the kiss too which had purchased her sovereignty, and of the words she had uttered so endearing. But her dreams became changed as the night advanced. Her imagination turned upon Nastali, far away from her. She thought that the same Mussulman who had slaughtered her relatives, holding the sabre yet reeking with their blood, was rushing towards the young chieftain, who lay tied to the spot, without the power of defending himself, or escaping from the blow. The shriek that she uttered awoke her, and she thanked the Virgin that it had been but a dream, praying that visions lighter and more peaceful might be her's. The request was granted; for her slumbers henceforth were soft and unbroken, as the feelings which produced them were innocent; and she awoke refreshed and quieted as

the day beams threw their slanting ray over her silken-wrought coverlid. As she entered the small room separated from her apartment, and dedicated for the occupations of the day, her young companions, already assembled there, chided her for her tardiness. They had all confessed their sins betimes, for the Papas had been with them, as it was a feast-day: and all, happier in their absolution, wondered how it was possible that Caterina could still be gay without having first obtained it. The queen of their sports became next the subject of conversation, and all set their inventions to work in imagining who she could have been. None had seen her since, and it was strange, they thought, considering the pleasure that had been expressed in her society, that she had not yet been to visit them. Weeks, however, passed away, and the stranger was no more seen or heard of.

The tidings of the fall of Navarene at length was brought to Tripolizza: the city fell immediately into disorder, no one knowing how long it might be secure from the attack of Ibrahim. A messenger who had first brought the evil

news entered the mansion of which Caterina was an inmate, and proceeded to her apartment, where she was alone. She started, and was preparing fearfully to demand of him the motive for this intrusion, when he interrupted her by an impressive gesture. "That which I have to tell you, lady, will forgive of itself this abruptness; for, though painful to me, as it likewise will be to you, I am charged by one, who is now no more, to communicate it."

"You must mistake," said Caterina, shuddering; "your commissions surely cannot be for me. I have nothing to ascertain of which you can be a bearer."

"Lady," rejoined the Greek, "the tidings I bear to you interest both of us equally, for they have to do with you; and my brother, who, God pardon him, is no more, has ordered me to unfold them. You may remember, that a young Frank Capitano, who tarried here, in company with the President, had an attachment for you, and was happy in thinking it mutual, until Demetri broke in upon you one day as

you were together, and perceived the intimacy to which you admitted him. He had been acquainted with the Frank before, when he was at Napoli, as well as he was with you, although your cousin, and had attempted his life. Hating him, because he had injured him, he could not look with indifference upon your attachment, more especially as he himself loved you passionately, but from that moment set about the poisoning of your mind against his rival. All the calumnies which he spread, and took care to gain partizans in disseminating, were but his own inventions, contrived the more easily, from the very confidence which the Frank reposed in him, of a nature so unbounded and implicit, that on leaving Tripolizza, he begged Demetri to endeavour the removal of an indifference which you suddenly assumed in your conduct towards him, ignorant, as he was, of the motives that had produced it. This his pretended friend swore to him to effect, and the young Capitano parted. Happy in having thus rid himself of his rival, my brother revolved on a thousand different methods to gain the heart which he

fancied beat no longer for another. But he had not, it seems, calculated on how long a time it takes for affection, even though misplaced, to become alienated from the object. One day he watched you leave the house with your companions: having ascertained, by the information of his pipe-bearer, the direction you had observed, he dressed himself in a complete suit of female habiliments, which well befitted his youthful and effeminate countenance, and disguising his eye-brows, and adding paint to his complexion, he followed the steps you took. How this artifice succeeded, lady, I need not remind you. During the conversation which he extorted from you, he learnt sufficiently to persuade him, that your heart was not, as he had hoped, unoccupied, but that you still loved his rival. His passion for you, rendered doubly strong from the familiarity to which his disguise admitted him, he swore internally, as the only means of gratifying his desires, the immediate destruction of the young Capitano. Full of these schemes, he sought no more for sleep, but throwing off his effeminate garb, and buckling

his pistols to his waist, he collected a few followers, and hurried to Navarene. But when he arrived, the young Capitano was at Sphacteria, and thus escaped the doom which the treachery of Demetri might otherwise have procured him. Nor did the former return from thence till the death of my brother was brought on him by the Virgin as a punishment. He begged me, as the only means of atonement for him, to explain to you his perfidy, as soon as his eyes should become closed in death; and I now have intruded upon you, lady, to acquit myself of this duty towards my relative."

Caterina intermixed not a word during the whole of this address; yet a tear which stole from her eye, as the young Greek's fate was being recounted to her, told that she forgave him from her soul every thing that he had done amiss. His faults, his doom, had been from love towards her, and whatever excesses that passion may drive one to, still, in pity towards their source, the susceptible heart will always forgive them. "Where then is the Frank you spoke of?" asked Caterina; "he too has not shared this hard fate? Yet why should I ask for him,"

she added, "he never will forgive what his innocent heart imagined to be merely my capriciousness?"

"He is well," replied the Greek, "and still loves you; for he has never ceased to cherish around him those few partisans of my brother, who contrived to insinuate themselves into his confidence, from professions of attachment to your weal. But fare thee well, lady, I have fulfilled my duty, and have now no longer cause for delay."

The messenger departed to the konaki of his captain, leaving Caterina in an anxiety she had been stranger to before. Tripolizza was fast filling with vanquished chieftains and their retinue; but he, whom alone she longed to see and ask forgiveness from, was not of their number. Whenever feast days gave her the licence of a ramble, she would choose her stroll about those parts through which they who came from the defeated town would have to pass. Sometimes she would even hesitatingly ask tidings of him; but when to these demands a check only, or at best no response, was given,

and when weeks had rolled on without banishing her suspense, she who once had sneered at all who loved, and scoffed at the deity as at one whose chains could never afflict her with their pressure, felt her delicate frame beginning to be injured from the strength of its shackles, and found, by conviction, what she never would have allowed herself to confess,—that she was a being as warm in her passions, when once awakened, as she was difficult in allowing them to be excited. Her natural gaiety began, by degrees, to forsake her, and her brow to grow pensive, while her pious mother, who observed the change, without being able to fathom the cause of it, consulted, as she was used to do on all matters of weight, the papas to whom she made confession. Had the same young priest who, on a former occasion, forbade the intercourse of Nastuli with her daughter still held his station in the family, he might probably have dived into the present mystery ; but the *good offices* of Samadorff had removed him, and in his stead was a grey-headed old man, who really began to set his mind on heaven, and

thought little of earth, save the hard times he saw upon it. His skin was shrivelled, his passions had long since been subjugated, and he could throw little light on the source from whence derived itself the sudden melancholy of a young and susceptible girl. He asked, however, whether the blessed Virgin and the whole company of saints had been left duly suspended above the couch where Caterina reposed; if the lamp on each *eortee* had been kept burning before them; and finally, if her *kerie eleïsons* had been delivered with sufficient frequency. To these demands a satisfactory answer being given, he took a sponge, filled with holy water, which he sprinkled on her face, and anathematizing the devil at the same time, advised the young patient to go oftener to mass, to converse more freely with the papas, who were good men, and less with any one else, and above all to learn every day, by heart, some leaves of the Evangelist, which, by imprinting itself on her memory, would, he hoped, turn away her mind from mundane ideas. Poor Caterina, although disposed to give but little faith to the

prescribed remedy of the good old man, nevertheless, as her mother was fully persuaded of its efficacy, was obliged to put the "*regime*" into practice. Her lesson was got by heart, and she used to repeat it to the venerable father, until one day, driven to despair by its unusual length, she contrived to hide the book wherein it was contained. Such a circumstance filled the house with horror; every corner, every small crevice, was pryed into, but unsuccessfully, until the mother, who feared to confess to the holy man a deed of such impiety, was fain to make the excuse of indisposition, to explain the discontinuance of his pupil's further studies.

The pretext urged by the mother, though at first only feigned, soon became too true. A confidant of the family arrived from Western Greece, anxious to disburthen himself of his tidings: the army of Gouras, he said, had proceeded to the walls, though not in time to prevent a junction of the Turkish forces; and the messenger went on detailing the process of the siege, and how fared those within

the garrison, when among the mortuaries, which his knowledge enabled him to relate to them, he mentioned the death of a young Frank capitano, whom he recollected, he said, to have been once quartered with the President in their house. "And his name?" asked Caterina, who until now had been in a reverie: "Nastuli, I think," answered the messenger, not heeding the emotions he recalled: "so enthusiastic was he for the cause of the Hellenes, that he not only adopted all our customs, but assumed a name amongst us. Poor lad! may he rest in peace, for he deserves it, having left his home and all its comforts to share in our miseries. But to resume; he was not killed in war. A report reached me, as I crossed the Gulph, that he had been beheaded near Salona, for some reason unknown."

"An evil year may they have who killed him," said the mother, interposing; "I remember him well, and he was a '*good boy*.'" (1) Caterina said nothing, but left the room. On arriving within her own, she threw herself upon

the canopy, endeavouring to stifle with her handkerchief the sobs that involuntarily burst from her. As soon as her first bitter emotions had subsided, she took the amber rosary from her cushion, and knelt herself before the image of the Virgin, to whom, as her only friend, in a grief which none on earth, save herself, divined, she prayed fervently for assistance and support. The beautiful face she bent towards it, so pensive and resigned, would have drawn a smile of forgiveness and pity from the image, had it been capable of feeling, although exhorted to pardon *a sin* of the deadliest nature, instead of merely being petitioned to support her in a *sorrow*. But the image was inanimate; and the holy kiss even, which she planted on its forehead, drew forth no signs of acknowledgment. The fair suppliant arose, and as she opened her casement for the balmy breath of evening to enter, she felt it refresh her frame as prayer had done her spirit. The spot she looked out on was that where Nastuli had lingered at parting, and where, with eyes

bent on her full of love, he had seemed to solicit an adieu. Those eyes would meet her's no longer, nor kindle with satisfaction at her confession that he was dear to her. "A foolish suspicion, then," thought the Moreote; "an ill-founded and unjust credulity, has been the cause of my anger towards him, perhaps even of his death; for who knows but that he might have returned hither to me, on the fall of Navarene, had he thought to find my reserve passed away? I have treated him, then, cruelly and insincerely; but it is too late for me now to ask his pardon. And who can tell even whether we shall meet in Paradise? for he was a Frank, and removed from me by his faith." No answer arrived to console her; the air only breathed over the little flowers, which until now she had tended in her balcony, and made a gentle motion amongst their leaves. She retired to her couch, though not to repose. The simple and affectionate Caterina, thus each returning day lamented over her lover, snatched away before he could even grant her forgive-

ness for having wronged him ; and so susceptible was her young heart to this first passion she had known, that disease soon planted its stamp on her elastic form.

CHAPTER VII.

Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew,
Which bathes his aching temples, gives sure omen
Of speedy dissolution.

Hermilda.

THE Morea, meanwhile, wholly open to the inroad of the enemy, presented a scene of entire anarchy and confusion. Its inhabitants viewing nothing before them, save destruction, rose up against the established power, and menaced to overthrow it entirely, should not Colocotroni, their imprisoned leader, immediately be restored. To these demands no longer could a refusal be given, and their chieftain, escorted by his tardy emancipators, issued from his immurement in Hydra. The gates of Napoli were flung open at his approach, when, with his

son, the brave Yennaio, by his side, mounted on two misuris of the finest breed, he bent his course towards the *Ectalesticon*. The haughtiness of his brow, as he looked around him, and the discharge of doup'hég'hia with which the Moreotes all welcomed him, shewed rather the triumphal entry of a victor than the release long craved for of a captive. The members of the government were all assembled in their council room, awaiting in an anxiety, which they ill strove to conceal, the approach of him whom they had injured. The impatient look of enquiry, in particular, thrown by Mavrocordato, the dark schemer, ever and anon upon the curtain which shielded the entry, shewed that feelings even *he* would gladly have conquered were taking their hold of him, as the moment of *rencontre* drew nigh. The entry of one of his capitani at length announced the Moreote chieftain to be arrived, while each instinctively arose from his seat, and proffered it to the warrior, as he marched into the hall of audience. His swarthy features shewed to them his aversion, whilst coldly and by signs he

answered to their salute. In agreement with the terms of his liberation, he swore to the members assembled to stand up for the cause of his country, and no more to stain his sabre with the blood of his compatriots, so long, at least, as their exertions should tend towards promoting the general interest. He then received from the President orders to advance, at the head of his Moreotes, towards Calamata, that he might there check further aggressions from the enemy on those parts of the Peninsula, which the fall of Navarene had laid open to them. This precaution, had it been sooner suggested, would have been useful, and with such a leader to practise it, might have been crowned too with success, but now the time was passed, for hundreds of families, flocking to the city gates with those effects which in their hurry they could save, told that Tripolizza was in the hands of the enemy. The central position of the Peninsula thus riven from their grasp, the Moreotes were seized with a panic which threatened a swift advance on their destruction; but Colocotroni was with them, and most calm when dangers were most

imminent, he unfurled the standard which so long had been forsaken, and rallied his soldiers to the walls possessed by the foe. Fabvier, a French Colonel, who had arrived for the purpose of incorporating a band of tactics, followed with two field pieces and six hundred regulars in his train. A cavalry, which had been raised by subscription, was likewise put in motion; and with this force they marched on to the field, leaving Napoli, the pest-house of the Morea, where contagion was making more rapid strides than ever, and cutting off more dexterously than by the sword the families huddled for safety within it. Midst those affected by disease lay Staunton the American.

His stay at Missolonghi had been prolonged, on account of the approach of the enemy before its walls; and no sooner had he fulfilled his pledge by returning, than he was seized by the fever which raged abroad. His emaciated frame and lack-lustre eye, as he lay distended upon a wretched pallet, gave no longer a sign of the man he once had been. Fevered and restless, he looked, and even hoped

for death, to free him from his sufferings. Franklin, the young surgeon, his compatriot, was by his side: his excellent heart had induced him to forego every other occupation, for the sake of better guarding his sick friend. Save *him*, Staunton had no other comforter; for he was not possessed of wherewith to purchase any. The lamp glared upon some implements of writing, and shewed him signing his name to a will he had just made; wherein, after committing his soul—which he affirmed to have been stained with the foulest sins—to the mercy of his Redeemer, he bequeathed all the little worldly matter he possessed to his countryman and friend near him. He finished it, and fatigued with the exertion, threw himself backwards on his pallet. The doctor left him to repose, but the patient was not permitted for a long time to enjoy it, when the door was rudely pushed open, and a tall meagre personage, clad in a military suit, with two epaulets on his shoulders, without ceremony or feeling, introduced himself, and awoke the sleeper; thrusting, at the same time, a letter into the sick man's hand. As the latter

perused its contents, a sudden flush came over his pallid countenance, and he fixed his eyes sternly on the bearer, who seemed fully to understand the nature of these emotions, and determined to anticipate their effect. "I left," he said, "as you must be aware, the seat of my fathers as much from disgust as otherwise; and travelling as a Burley is expected to travel—in style, what with some small revelry which I chose to indulge in previous to entering soberer climes, together with now and then a cast of the die, I contrived to leave, in other hands, the dollars which were honoured by my charge for you. Since, however, you are a man of moderate habits, you will not suffer from this diminution of your cash—and I have brought you sufficient," he added, placing in his hand a hard piastre, "for a day's subsistence; of which I accordingly make a sacrifice, despising, myself, pecuniary concerns, and well contented in having the eclat to which my name entitles me."—"Console yourself, my friend," he resumed, as he saw the knitting of the patient's brow in anger, "your mother is on her death-bed; and should

you outlive her, which to be sure is but a chance, the old lady's decease may perhaps restore your fortune, as the unexpected good news of it may, if rightly taken, your health."

Staunton could have borne all insults save this last. That the mother whom he tenderly loved, who formed his only tie of family, should thus lightly be spoken of, and her expected decease thus unfeelingly disclosed to him, was too strong a proof for his humility to withstand. A conscious pride wakening within him, reddened his before ghastly features, while he sprang forwards on his couch, and turned towards the cold-blooded visitor. "Must I be wronged and then ridiculed thus," he exclaimed, half choaked with passion, "by an impudent impostor, whose brain is too shallow to work his evil ends otherwise than by effrontery?" As he said this, he drew a pistol from beneath the pillow whereon his head had lain, and presented it at the insulting messenger: but a better feeling checked this momentary impulse, and, laying down his own, he added another to it; and placing them both upon the floor, "Although

your villainy," he said, "merits well the doom, which another would have inflicted on you without reflection, yet, as you stand before me a defenceless man, I scorn to take advantage of your situation: choose, then, of these weapons that you will; if you suspect unfairness load them afresh; my pelascas lay before you."

"My good sir," exclaimed Burley, undauntedly, "suffer not yourself to be thus overpowered without reason. These events are but trifles amongst men who know the world: wider fields and better plots are before us, than would result to either from the committal of a murder, for which too it would only laugh at us."

"You fear the world then," rejoined Staunton, "and well you may, sir; but for this once, at least, be not under apprehensions for its censure; no eye, save that of heaven, which will not see humanity imposed upon by such a being as yourself, shall see and judge for us. We are the only persons in the apartment; should this not suit you, we will remove to a darker shade: make your decision, only quickly, for my frame is too weak, and my feel-

ings are too much excited, to bear longer the disgust which your presence—thus idly—occasions me.”

“ Mr. Staunton,” replied Burley, more seriously, “ why would you have us deprive the world, by the committal of such follies as you suggest, of two individuals, so essentially requisite to society, as are we ourselves ? Our pursuits in life are not so different, but what our several capacities and views have a strict analogy between them. You, who are a religionist abstracted from the world, mortify all the enjoyments of it, for the sake of tasting them with greater relish in the next. Your sole acts *here* consist in preparing others, by your instruction, for the same road. Now, myself am a professed duellist, have picked off many good individuals in my time, and hope yet to do the same for as many more ; when, should these whom I have in anticipation derive benefit from your precepts previous to their departure, they will have the happiness of being more quickly blessed with the joys preparing for them, in having listened to you. You must then plainly

perceive, my good sir," he continued, "that we are but fellow assistants in the same cause, and that it would be a sad defect in the principles of either to urge the disunion of a partnership so happily formed."

Contemptible fool!" exclaimed Staunton, raising his gigantic form, and mustering all the strength that remained to him, as he hurled the taunter out of the apartment, with such force as to break the narrow beams which shielded the door. The discarded duellist did not think proper to re-enter, and the sick man, cured of his first paroxysm of rage by the removal of the object which had caused it, was left to the strife of his feelings. The villainy of this impertinent messenger of evil tidings, the manner in which they had been delivered, added to a consciousness of wrong, at having, in the abandonment of passion, forgotten his own precepts of forbearance, so heightened the fever of his agitated frame, that he threw himself, convulsed and quivering in his limbs, on the lonesome couch, and gave himself up for a time to exquisite anguish. Burley, meanwhile, made his way towards the

Ectalesticon. He had just arrived from America, and trusted to an infallible stock of assurance, as well as the eclat of the name which he made use of, for impressing the members with an idea of his importance. While urging his claims upon the country he had arrived at, in the very same breath with which he made his salutation, the quick-sighted Mavrocordato could not suppress a smile. "Mr. Burley," he said, as the impostor concluded, "favour me in turn with listening to a word of advice from me. Return to your dignities in the north, and leave Greece without lending your valuable assistance, for it is a country too ungrateful to repay you as you merit." Burley saw that the moment was unfavourable, and retired without expressing the slightest discomposure, for his affairs he knew were desperate, and must be redeemed at all hazards; nor did he cease, spite of his rebuke, to build his hopes upon Mavrocordato, who he was certain would defend him, if he played his cards with skill, merely from a motive of policy.

The day, which was clouded and melancholy,

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seemed to sympathise with the gloom that the increasing malady had diffused, when a young stranger, followed by two palicari, entered the town. His countenance was pale and sunken, his vestments as mean as his followers, save a tattered gilt pherméli which he wore, and the haughtiness only of his brow denoted him to be their commander. The streets seemed well known to him, and as he passed through a long lane, which communicated with the Ectalesticon, he paused for a moment near a house which stood there, and looked on it with emotion. It had been the dwelling of Papa Yauni, and often had resounded with his merriment and that of his comrades ; but the former master was now no more, and in his stead a French *soi-disant* General, intriguing to set the Greeks under the dominion of his nation, had become the tenant of the mansion. While the stranger looked on this, ideas seemed to be conjured within him, which induced him to linger there, until one of his stratioti, who appeared to possess an influence over his habits, came towards him, and persuaded him to leave the spot. As he

resumed his way, he encountered many Capitani, who all regarded him with astonishment, perhaps for the soiled pherméli—perhaps from his air, which bore not the liveliness of a Greek; but he turned from their scrutiny with a manner which told them it was irksome. In vain did he seek for quarters wherein to repose himself and followers; for the numbers collected within the city from Tripolizza, and all parts of the Morea, had excluded the possibility of finding a konaki unoccupied. He walked on, therefore, towards the ramparts, fain for a time to rest there his wearied limbs, when a little boy, elegantly dressed, and bearing on his shoulder a large Albanian douphégi, twice his own size, stopped as he crossed him, and looked steadfastly in his face: “Capitan Nastuli,” he exclaimed at length, twining his arms round the neck of the young Philhellene, “can it really be you that I am looking on? We had all thought you dead. Where have you been so long a time?”

“It is indeed I,” replied Nastuli, “and you please me by still recollecting me. But tell me, my little Spirro, where is Caterina?”

The boy sighed, and striving with his feelings, paused for a while before he answered him. "She, too, is no more, then," said Nastuli, thinking to anticipate the sad annunciation: "all that might still have tempered my existence is passed away from me for ever!"

"The holy Saints forbid!" said Spirro, crossing himself fervently, "I know not that she is dead. Yet why should it please me to think that she lives still?" He added, with an altered tone, "when, perhaps, enduring worse than death with the Mussulmen? She was sick when the Turks entered Tripolizza, and our flight was so hurried, that no mule could be procured to convey her thence. But, however," continued the affectionate little fellow, on seeing that Nastuli was considerably agitated, "she loved you, I know, and will love you still, for she told me as much when at your parting she bade me slip into your belt the ring and billet—and who knows but that one day or other she may escape?"

"May God grant it," faltered Nastuli, over whom glanced a ray of hope on hearing that she still survived, while the little fellow again em-

braced his friend, and hastened with his huge fire-arm towards another direction. The young chieftain leaned over the battery, and muffling his face within his capote, to shun the looks or inquiries of any who might pass him, gave himself up to thought. "It suffices not," he said at length, rising from his posture, "what I have hitherto suffered; but the curse of misdirected feelings must still follow me, and dwell on the very traces of my wanderings! I had thought that no further sorrow could be added to my present; but to-day I find that the most exquisite of all remains for me yet to endure—the wish to escape from myself, but a heart that follows me every where with its throbbings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Withhold thy hand,
'Tis past redeem ; for I have that within
Which, like the envenom'd wound, will fester still,
And mock the leech's care.

Layard.

As night approached, the Stratioti of Nastuli breaking in upon his reverie, reminded him that their long march from Corinth had inclined them for a repast, although he himself might not be hungry. They walked accordingly towards the Locanda, where Nastuli had first taken up his abode ; but every thing for him was now changed within it. Then he was looked on with admiration, and courted by all ; not a smile or a beck but had had their influence, and called to him some score of humble friends or votaries, crammed in the niches around him ; now his words and gestures were alike unheed-

ed, for the liveliness and spirit which once distinguished them ceased to be longer marked, and were exchanged for the gloom and reserve of one discontented with every object that surrounded him: yet for friends, though before he possessed them in such numbers, his eye seemed not to seek, and his manners even refused the acquiring of them, as he looked on all before him with a feeling of distrust and suspicion. His Palicari, who were the only beings on whom he relied, though not gloomy in mood, like their chieftain, were yet reserved in their demeanor; and even the good clieer prepared for them by Nastuli's orders could not bring about the expansion of their hearts. When interrogated by the Moreotes, who sat carousing, on how fared Gouras with his troops outside, and Nota Botzaris within the garrison of Missolonghi, they returned answers vague and inconsistent, until at length they were fain to assure their enquirers that they had not been with the Romigliots for two months past. Murmurs now began to be heard amongst the revellers. "These fellows," said a little Captain, who

amused himself with curling up, as he spoke, a large pair of mustachios, "whence do they come, then, if not from Roumilia? "Ask of the gate-keeper," said Stasi, undauntedly; "perhaps he will tell you better."

The murmurs now ran higher. In times when the enemy were only a day's march from their town, and were hourly looked for at the gates of it, these mysterious visitants naturally attached to themselves no slight share of suspicion. "They are Mahometans in disguise!" said the little Captain. "Secure and search them!" bawled out another, in a tone of authority. But they were not so easily to be ruled; their ragged vestments and harassed looks shewed a long servitude, while the cool resolution of their manner argued a stubborn resistance. They drew their yataghans quietly from their belts, and awaited the approach of those who threatened. The whole assembly by this time were in arms, and the room in an uproar, when Nastuli, more collected than his followers, reflected upon the inequality of their numbers for resistance, and laying his

hand on their uplifted weapons, directed them gently towards their belts. "Capitani," he said, addressing the assembly, "what do you wish from us, or on what do you ground your suspicions? I am a Frank Capitano, pay my followers from my own means, and have adopted all your customs from the friendship I possess for you. Although we come from Roumilia, we know nothing of the present state of the war. If you would wish to know further, learn that we are arrived from the Glen of Panoucla."

The tumult ceased with this explanation, but not the wonderment. The little captain with the mustachios, who was no less a man than Adam Ducas, before mentioned as one of the ministers of war, had now recognised Nastuli, and ran forwards to embrace him. "But to see you with your head on," he said, "really surprises me. Your death has been for so long a time reported to us, that we had again begun to shave our beards.⁽¹⁾ I am glad, however, that you are once more with us ;" and the little personage shook him by the hand, to testify the truth of his assurance. "But you are so

changed," he added, looking on him more attentively; "you are so melancholy, so wan, that, by the vampyre of the old klephtes, my father, you deserve rather to take his place, and haunt the old ruined mosques, than to retain any share in this life, which is rendered happy only in proportion to the smiles we see on it."

Nastuli forced what he sought for, as Adam concluded, and reminded the importunate little minister (who seemed disposed to make some further comments), that it was time for all those, excepting the phantoms he spoke of as loving to stroll about mosques, to retire to their repose." The palicari were already stretched upon a bench, and Nastuli prepared himself to do the same, when on throwing off his pherméli, he observed the little minister casting a look of keen inquiry upon him. His waist, he perceived, had been uncovered, and the mark of heavy iron ligatures were visible upon them, as well as upon his ancles. His countenance fell as he observed whither the gaze of Ducas had been directed, and he hastily flung his capote around him, to screen his person from further intru-

sive scrutiny. The minister perceiving his confusion, again shook hands with him and retired ; determining, however, to ascertain before long the cause of all which he had seen. Delivered of his presence, Nastuli flung himself upon a bench near that on which his palicari were laying. His frame, exhausted by long privations and fatigue, and his mind still more so from anguish, chased away for a long while the solace which he sought for in sleep. His ideas reverted, during this state of restlessness, to his former life, to the objects and passions which had possessed him—to the joyful palpitations of his heart—at the novelty which the world had in store for him. All had now vanished ; and he cursed deeply the cruel infatuation which, in the short space of two months, had banished all his visions of happiness. He bethought him of the friends he had then possessed, and he even rejoiced, with a bitter satisfaction, to think that they no longer existed to look on his fall, or grieve for him. Yet Caterina, who was a woman, a playful innocent being, who had loved him artlessly, she might yet, he thought,

have rendered less galling his misery—have pointed out a brighter track to pursue, in teaching him to love her, who alone was worthy of affection ; for he had found nothing in man save vanity and dissimulation. “ Yet why should I retrace her image ? ” he said, within himself ; what matters it to me, that I have loved and been beloved by the only sincere heart in Greece, when she has fallen a victim to her attachment ? On me settles all the curse, and for me remains this sad consolation only—that many hearts have been attached to me ; but as though a regard for such a one were a thing unsanctioned, they have now lost their friendly throbbings, and lay, where I would wish to be, quieted in death.”

As the morning broke, Nastuli shook off with pleasure the feverish slumbers he had at times experienced, and retired from the Locanda to take a last look on the city which once had possessed for him so many fascinations, but now where every dwelling that he saw, gave him, by the recollections attached to it, some new bitterness, until he resolved within himself never

more to revisit a spot from which he might once be absent. The harbour was crowded with commerce, and the whole port presented a scene of bustle and confusion, which for a time diverted him, and when about to quit it only, he reflected that the parents of Caterina might probably have their small dwelling near, as it was the part to which most of the refugees had resorted. Although she herself was lost to him, still to see those who were so nearly connected and most attached to her, would be, he thought, a consolation. They had never, to be sure, on account of the rigour of their habits, sanctioned his affection for her; nay, perhaps, never had known that it existed: but now she was gone, he thought that he might venture to confess it; and in assuring them how warmly he had loved her, in common with her relatives, might not only gain belief, but sympathy.

His conjecture as to their dwelling in the vicinity was not unfounded; and he approached the house, which was mean, and inconsistent with the rank of the family. Knocking gently with his clenched hand against the small cham-

ber, which shewed itself on his entry, an old confessor opened it. Nastuli made him a reverence, which the father returned drily, allowing him nevertheless to advance, on account of the arms which he wore in his belt. A young Moreote girl, the same whom Nastuli remembered as having seen with Caterina, the day before his departure for Navarene, was within the room, and ran away screaming to the further extremity as he approached her; but Nastuli, who guarded the entrance so that she might not escape entirely, caught hold of her gently by the arm:—“You need not avoid me, Cocona,” he said; “for I will not harm you even by a look. I seek for the mother of Caterina alone.”

“Why do you detain me then, who am not her?” asked the pretty Moreote, no ways pleased, on her second glance at the young Capitano, that he had not made a better timed apology for stopping her; “and what have you to do with Caterina?”

“Is she then still here?” interrupted Nastuli, eagerly; “can I still see her then, and find myself deceived?”—“I did not say that you

could see her either," answered his fair tormentress, "though perhaps if you tell me what right you have to ask for her, I may satisfy you better on that point."

"So beautiful," rejoined Nastuli, "and yet so ignorant of love as to question my right in demanding news of all that makes up my happiness?"

The pretty Moreote seemed to gain confidence at the compliment, which at length was paid her, yet she determined not to release him immediately, but torment him a little longer for his want of discernment at first. "Now that I look at you again," she said, approaching him from the small recess into which she had hastened, "You are the very same young Frank Capitano whom we all thought dead! Why should you have sent out such a report? You little know what you have caused by it." A sigh escaped from Nastuli as his only answer, and a tear rose to his eye. The young girl changed her mood when she saw that he really felt unhappy, and no longer retiring, placed her small hand within his. The old confessor, happily

for her communications, had previously retired from the apartment, or else he would have raised the whole town sooner than suffer a like derogation from the sanctity of Hellenic customs.

“Capitano,” she said, “Caterina is not here to meet you. It is true that she is in the possession of the Turks. I grieve as much as you can ; for I am her near relative, and was with her the last of any. It was her folly, and not altogether your fault, that she did not escape with the rest ; for, though ill, I myself would have taken part in bearing her away in my arms ; but she refused all advice, and resisted every effort made for her safety. She is now gone from us ; but we alone have to lament the loss, not you ; for your heart is still very young, and may find many others to cling to as bewitching as she was,” added the pretty Moreote, gently pressing his hand.

At a former time this touch would have excited a hundred emotions, and been returned in a manner which confessed them ; but now Nastuli's passions were in a morbid state, and not a fibre seemed to thrill within his system. Sa-

tified by the answer he had received, he thanked the Moreote, and turned away from her ; nor did he heed the flush of anger which rose on the cheek of the young girl, on finding an advance, so uncommon to her race as that which she had made, thrown away upon one whose heart was too insensible for its appreciation. Her eyes followed him with an expression of astonishment and indignation, until he was lost amidst the crowd. On returning to the Locanda, where he had slept, and entering the apartment where his presence on the preceding day had created so much tumult, he looked hesitatingly around to see whether on some bench near might not be seated his inquisitive friend the minister, and, if possible, to avoid him in time. Happily, however, his affairs had called him elsewhere, and in his stead reposed a youth, tall and fair complexioned, dressed completely "à la Franc." His countenance was fine and open, and in his features dwelt that consciousness of integrity which bestows a right on man to be at home in the world, and brings with it a distrust towards none, from having never him-

self been distrusted. Nastuli soon discovered him to be an Englishman, and, addressing him in his own tongue, asked if he were the bearer of tidings for himself? The attention of Edgar was drawn away for the moment from giving a direct answer, by the surprise which took hold of him on hearing his own language spoken by a wild young Albanian: ashamed, however, of having strayed, by his curiosity, from the prescribed rules of politeness, he corrected himself, and replying in the negative, "You will pardon me, Sir," he added; "but I have heard so much of you, and all has been so interesting, that if I shall not lay too heavy a tax on your complacency, I would beg your acceptance of my couch, poor as it is, since I am aware of your being unprovided with one; and by that means I shall be allowed to detain you." "Your offer is flattering," replied Nastuli, "and I feel its force, but am too grateful not to refuse it; for should I do so, you would soon perceive, to your cost, that you had harboured one with you so uncompanionable and melancholy, as to make you regret the complaisance which in-

duced you to proffer him service thus kindly. I have my bench here to repose on at night, and that suffices for me, being a luxury in comparison with the couch whereon of late I have reposed." A reflection seemed to cross the mind of Nastuli, as he said this, and he suddenly cast down his eyes. "You will confess, nevertheless, my dear Sir," rejoined Edgar, who affected to take no notice of his discomposure, "that a snug hammock would be the best: I see that you are unwell likewise, so you positively must accept of it. Theodore," he said, addressing an Italian servant whom he had with him, "remove my trunks, and lay out the mattress, as Capitan Nastuli would like soon to go to rest." The young Philhellene could refuse no longer, and retiring to the place assigned for him, he lamented only that he had found in his path another, who, by his fascinating manners, reminded him of those in whom his young heart had put faith until his ruin had been worked; but a look of pity and deep interest set on him by Edgar, who seemed to know his story, or to read his thoughts, forbade a diffi-

dence being continued. Nastuli's harassed frame and spirits refused even the affectionate care of Edgar to restore them, and threw him into a fever, slow yet violent. All the *very* few doctors that Greece could boast of were employed in dispatching those on whom the pestilence had laid hold, more quickly even than the natural course would have done. Edgar cared not to trust his young patient in the hands of these *murderers*; but judging that the malady of Nastuli proceeded from the heart, rather than from any effect which the air had had upon the body, he undertook himself to produce his cure. This at length he wrought, and his doctor, fearing that the foul atmosphere of the place should cause a relapse, determined on accompanying him to Hydra. The miserable caïck which transported them was so filled with stratioti, as to render impossible any posture, save the cross-legged one; while the slightest motion set the whole into a tumult, by breaking the repose of some one or other. Edgar, whose habits had not undergone the last supreme polish, necessary for accommodating himself without suffer-

ing to this mode of rest, was much disconcerted at finding no alternative left for him, save to adopt it: his cares, however, still lay on his sick friend, on whom he looked anxiously, to see how these little disquietudes might suit him. The calm threatened to be incessant, while the sun threw its burning meridian rays right on the tardy bark; but the Greeks, little heeding it, were most of them asleep—a situation greatly envied by Edgar, yet not the better to be imitated for the desire.

The whole night was passed at the oars, and it was not until the following mid-day that they arrived at Hydra. All within this rocky isle seemed in confusion: the sailors as usual had been demanding money, and the captains positively refusing to give it, until, tired of longer delay, the former extended their ravages to the mansions of the latter. The Hydriotes were more savage even than in general; and by Spezzia an example having been recently set them, in the burning of the house of the Governor, they determined not to be more lenient than their neighbours. The captains,

however, took no notice of these reproaches, from long having been accustomed to them, but relighted their chibouks, and looked composedly upon the wranglers.

The character of these islanders they knew too well to risk a reply to their threats, which would only have exasperated them the more; but the *sang froid* which they bore witness to was attended with a happy effect—no houses for this once were destroyed, and the promise of a bag of machmouds, which was made to them on their becoming more temperate, effected such a sudden revolution in their sanguinary ideas, as to extort from the sailors a promise in return to man the ships whenever they should be needed, and to proceed in them to Missolonghi, with provisions for the garrison. The din of the debates, which had not yet terminated, drew towards whence they proceeded both Nastuli and his friend. It was an old monastery where these meetings used to be held; nor did the subject of the councils differ from that in the Ectalesticon, for they talked over politics until the theme fatigued them, and then, without

caring to come to a conclusion, smoked their pipes or returned to their wives. In these, at least, they were happy, being incontestibly the prettiest women in Greece, and faithful from necessity, well knowing that should they be detected in a *look* even at another save their rightful lord, chances would go well, that both would indiscriminately meet destruction; the knowledge of which induced them, the better to avoid temptation, to lock themselves up in the same apartment ten months in the year. For the rest, the island of Hydra enjoyed its peculiar privileges. The houses of the Primates were not only tolerable, as the best are in the Morea, but many of them were magnificent; their marble terraces looking on the ocean, and their parterres laid out with carefulness and elegance. The dress of the Primates shewed, too, an extraordinary degree of taste and neatness; and Edgar could not refrain from observing, "how incompatible it seemed to their natural savageness, that the Hydriotes were the most complete *petit-maitres* he had yet fallen in with." On approaching the house,

which the one-eyed Governor, Conduriottis, brother to the President, had allotted for their reception, the regards of Nastuli were attracted towards Molten, the gourmand Frank doctor, (whose acquaintanceship he had formed at Tripolizza over a hare), looking more meagre than then, his large eyes starting from their post, and his dress ragged and even filthy: yet, though changed so sadly in his looks and his attire, his manners and affections appeared still to be the same. He was standing on a terrace, watching impatiently for some one who was to enter—and very soon after, the approach of a young lad, with a joint of meat in his hand, and the hilarity of the Doctor's features on his arrival, shewed what the desired object had been. In turning round to survey the quality of the viands, his eye caught the figure of Nastuli, and he discontinued his occupation, with surprise at the sight of one whom he had imagined to be in another world. His desisting from a pursuit so near to his heart was a decided compliment, shewing that Nastuli shared still more interest within it. Molten, in

fact, had not forgotten the *bon bouche* they had had together, and took hold of the hand of his former *convive* with a mixture of joy and surprise at again looking on him. "Is it a spirit that I talk with, or Nastuli?" he asked, as soon as he recovered himself. "Whence do you come—what brought you here?—tell me quickly—and how, in the name of all the devils, are we thus met together?"

"A spirit is not tangible; therefore am I not one," replied Nastuli: "but tell me, in your turn, why is your appearance so altered, your eye so glazed, to what it used to be?"

"That is easier to be explained than endured," replied Molten. "I left Tripolizza for Zante, still sick of the fever, and swore never again to return to this spider-waisted generation; but my inclination changed with my convalescence; and finding that all the world is much the same, or rather that Zante is not the place to live in, I equipped myself afresh, bought a new case of instruments, and taking with me all the money that remained, followed my destiny in returning to Tripolizza. There

fate had it, that I should be attacked by my old companion the fever, just as Ibrahim entered the town. I decamped, however, sooner than be roasted, and left my fine suits, my instruments, and all behind me, for the better effecting my purpose. On entering Napoli, I found I had gained a fit of the ague for my pains, and lost all I had the day before been master of. Determining now in real earnest to leave the country, I embarked in a schooner for Zante; but a heavy gale came on, which driving us from our course, cast me, without a para in the world, on the island of Milo. Thence I embarked again, and was driven hither. You begin, no doubt," added the Doctor, "to feel that I have been unfortunate; but listen to the sequel, and then pity me. On arriving hither, after my unsuccessful efforts never to see the place more, who should I meet but the worthy divine Jamieson, preaching up the virtues of humility to a set of blustering Hydriotes as they caroused! He knew me, and left off his sermon to greet me, drawing me away at the same time to his house; but I soon found that he had set

his mind rather on the bettering of my soul than the fattening of my body, for he made me live on his olives and honey of Hybla, and to assure me of the salubrity of the diet pointed out himself as a specimen. On this cursed food have I barely subsisted until yesterday, when, by the grace of God, my preceptor left me for Athens, to cultivate the arts and eat his hybla nearer to the spot. From this last evil you beheld me now wan, and I have reason to be so, for it has been a substantial one opposed to me; all the rest might have been remedied: but to-day," added the Doctor, brightening as he looked on the meat, "I hope again to be myself."

Though entertained at the manner in which the Doctor had given his account, Nastuli could not help a feeling of pity towards him, as he so philosophically concluded it. A sort of analogy to his own misfortunes seemed to have been wrought upon all he knew; even poor Molten, whose only fault was that of being a gourmand, who had no susceptibility to draw him into disasters, had, nevertheless, partaken of his full draught of them. The lad returned with din-

ner, which being cooked to a marvel, the Doctor soon forgot his griefs. Happily for the feelings of Nastuli, the character of the gourmand was unmixed with curiosity; and he consequently escaped the torment which he had suffered from the enquiries of Adam Ducas, relative to the past. Edgar, who felt rather inclined to court the fresh breeze on the sea-washed rock than to stay longer regarding the Doctor's appetite, drew his patient with him and took his leave, with many hopes that the Doctor's next voyage would be more prosperous.

A week's abode in Hydra restored Nastuli to his primitive vigour: yet his heart, which, while the frame was wasting, had been more composed, soon as his corporeal strength revived, and his wonted energy returned to him, seemed to increase in malady; his habits became more distracted than before, and all the kind solicitude of Edgar appeared to add to, rather than take from, the melancholy into which he relapsed. "This youth," he would say within him, "who has set on me his best feelings;

who attaches himself to my mournfulness in sacrificing his own natural gaiety ; who clings to me most strongly when I seem most to suffer, is ignorant, nevertheless, of the cause whence this suffering proceeds. Were he to know it, he would turn from me, 'tis true, like the rest have done ; but what right have I to conceal it from him ? Why should I destroy his purity of soul, by allowing him to have intercourse with one from whom, if he knew him, he would revolt ?”

The sudden entrance of Edgar disturbed these reflections. “ My friend,” he said, with a smile, “ why are you always occupied in so triste a manner ? I have been looking on the brightest pair of eyes that I had thought could sparkle, possessed by the daughter of the old governor. She really deserves to be a Greek ; for the poets have never been inspired in their themes on Grecian beauty by any one more worthy of justifying their eulogiums than herself. The sight of her, and her smiles—for she saw from her jalousie that I was stricken by her

—rendered every object that I since met with, pleasanter to my eyes,—every being more agreeable ; and a Capitano has gained such an influence over me, that I have half promised to take a sail with him in his brig, the Epaminondas, as well to see the Capitan Pasha, as to look upon the Cyclades, and be enlivened by the soft breezes in the site of them, provided always that you be of the party : a change of scene, and *forms* too, will suit you amazingly.”

Nastuli answered nothing for a while : his affections were holding contest within him, whether to drive Edgar from his side for ever, by a disclosure of his misfortunes, or whether to retain him the friend and light-hearted companion that he stood at present. The first feeling, however, strengthened to a resolution, and he unfolded to Edgar how he had become unfitted for his converse. But what was his surprise on finding that he was no stranger to the events ! He had known them, and thence was drawn into an interest, at first, for the young Philhellene, his heart readily pardoning the illusion which had

been the cause of all his bitter anguish now. Instead, therefore, of desisting from his projects, he redoubled his entreaties that they might be put in execution, until Nastuli complied ; and on the following day they left the island.

CHAPTER IX.

Regard yon ship :

In such exultant pomp it seems to glide
As tho' 'twere some fair mistress, whom the tide,
With am'rous fondness, did delight to lave.

Diamond.

THE swift keel of the Epaminondas was opening for itself a passage through the dancing waves of the Archipelago, with the rest of the fleet astern. Like most of the Hydriote brigs, she carried 18 twelve-pounders and a large complement of men. Creazi, the commander of the vessel, treated the two Philhellenes with that attention which flatters and pleases, from the sincerity of motive that inspires it, and was at once the bravest and most modest amongst all the Hydriotes. Careless of his own comfort, or what might happen to him, he possessed, notwithstanding, an exquisite degree of feeling

for the wants of others. Edgar, whose extensive fund of information, as well as unchecked liveliness, had made him to be seized on by all as a companion, by rubbing off each day some blunt part of the commander, rendered him less of a Hydriote in nature ; and by establishing, in lieu of the savage traits, a mild congeniality of disposition, Creazi soon appeared as a meteor shining over his race, to shew them by what corrections they might become as he was. The persuasive influence of these two united, for a while softened the bitterness of Nastuli's dreams ; their delicacy, 'tis true, forbade either to probe his sufferings without a surety first of being able to remove them ; yet their conduct towards him, in its feelingness, seemed rather to soothe something unconsciously, than to apply a remedy to a known disease. Thus he began to yield to their efforts, and some moments even of mirth returned to him. The track they moved along was gladdening to his mind. The hills of the Pelopponesus were lost in distance, and the little islets of the Cyclades, like

so many companionable beings, rose up before him in their stead. He looked from the deck, with a feeling of pleasure, on the moon, which threw its broad beams around, from a sky where no cloud lurked to screen its splendour. This bright orb, advancing in silent majesty through the stars, brought with it a new enthusiasm on a mind sick like his. The spectacle it reserved for him, was the one best adapted to console; for the various colours given to nature by the light of day, are too glittering, too full of imagery, for a mind such as his to repose on: but now nature had resigned these varied tints, these shades had disappeared, and the placid light, reflected from the bosom of the smooth wave, gave a soothing tenor to his thoughts. A little while, and Delos, rising before him above the waters, called back his recollection on her classic lore, and turned his attention towards the queen of islands—that island which like a star had been darted from the sky, and since the repose of Latona only, had ceased to be driven at the mercy of the waves, whose happy shores

neither Bellona, nor death, nor the horrors of war, had ever dared to approach. The Cyclades formed their dance around her; the impetuous winds, which during winter agitate the seas, were all sleeping,—and a gentle breeze alone, while it breathed on the shining canvass of the Epaminondas, allowed Nastuli full time to contemplate her shore. Now, despite her former majesty, she stands there only as a speck to the rest, desert and unknown; and, save in the reminiscences of former days, and the enthusiasm of fancy, engendered by them, as some idle voyager looks on, all the glory which fame ascribes to her is forgotten. The breeze freshened, and anon the moon-beams lent a feebler light, as the island seemed to recede from the vessel's glistening track.

The morning had just begun to dawn, when their brig was encircled by small boats, filled with friendly visitors from the large and flowery isle of Naxos, whom an ardent desire of testifying their good wishes had drawn so early from the shore. Creazi they all esteemed more than

any other Hydriote who ever shaped his course near to their isles, because he was milder and loved justice ; and whilst others had robbed their fruitful plantations, and destroyed the houses wherein they dwelt, *he* had kept off his men from harming them, and had never suffered even a sheep to be taken from their island. The most distinguished of its inhabitants had now, as they were wont, flocked to him, with offerings of fruit, vegetables, and what else he needed ; and their countenances were beaming with smiles and happiness, as they welcomed this temperate chieftain, for whom all would have forsaken their homes. But, on hearing that two young Philhellenes had arrived, no bounds were given to their joy, and thirsting to utter their enthusiastic acclamations, *una ora avanti*, they forgot, midst their own warm feelings, that others could exist without sharing in them, and broke upon the repose of Nastuli and Edgar accordingly. The Epparch of the island, as being the personage most considerable, was the one to whom, after a little

disputation, was permitted the honour of first expressing his gratitude. "We are in a little isle," he added, after a long eulogium on the sentiments of the two young zealots for the land, "and its products—all that we have to offer you—are very limited. Deign, however, to accompany us to our homes, mean as they are, and unfitted for your deserts; and the most ample welcome of the heart will make up, we trust, for other incapacities." This proposal of the Epparch was unanimously lauded; and without waiting for an answer from the Philhellenes, they crowded about them, and seizing hold of their arms, walked on both sides, rather in the style of convict guarders escorting them to their doom, than of friends making an amicable preparation for amusement.

Those who were not admitted to the honour of grasping any part of the Philhellenes, were fain to form a moving circle around them; and thus, as soon as landed, were they led, or rather dragged in triumph, through a host of other-kind tormentors, collected upon the beach to kiss the hands of the two Mylordos who had

fought for their *bella patria*. The Philhellenes were praying internally for the conclusion of these honours, which appeared to them to differ little from the canonizing of saints, in anticipation of their decease, when a certain look and tone of authority applied by the Epparch to the rabble, sent them away, while he entered a large mansion, bidding his guests to follow him. The spacious room into which they passed, with the embroidered sofas and cushions within it, by no means required the apology given for them by the old gentleman. On the lofty ceiling above their heads were carved out the Venetian arms; large blinds excluded the sun's rays, and shielded, at the same time, a window curiously painted, and of large dimensions, which had before it a balcony, and flowers prettily arranged. Nor did these want hands to tend them. The daughter of the old gentleman, and a fair fugitive from Scio, entered the apartment; they were both very pretty and very free, and they saluted the Philhellenes with as many handsome speeches as the Epparch had already bestowed, with this peculiar advantage likewise

over those of the latter, that these were assisted by a smile and a manner feminine and graceful, which gave more force than words. The trays they bore, and presented, had on them sweet-meats and coffee, with wine and sherbet in large proportions ; and it was not until the fair islanders had seen ample justice paid to each of these refreshments, that they requited the Phil-hellenes by taking a seat on the same sofa beside them. Edgar, transported at finding such freedom amongst beauties of whom he had been accustomed only to catch a sinful glance from a thickly-barred jalousie, believed himself arrived of a sudden in fairy land, and giving himself up to the feelings which these ideas awoke in him, had the audacity at length to lay his hand on that of the young Sciote by his side, to whom he had been making love for some time before in Italian. Whether she really understood him or no, was not easy to be discovered ; she blushed, however, for a moment, then taking the hand placed on her's within the small fingers it had pressed, she laid it down as lightly as though it had been possible with a part so deli-

cate to injure any thing. Nastuli would once have made use of his time in the same way, but his own hard griefs, and the memory of Caterina, which sometimes heightened, sometimes chastened them, had rendered his heart insensible to the merits of the young Hellene, who deserved more homage to be paid her. The Eparch himself had allowed these familiarities to run on with an indifference to Edgar quite delightful; all that he required being now and then an answer to some demand or other about Frankland. However short, it made no difference, since he had his divan about him, who never took less than half an hour in commenting upon and digesting it. The old gentleman, however, who wished to be on good terms with the whole island, began to dread lest the jealousy of its primates should become excited, by the detention, to himself, for so long a time, of the two illustrious visitors; for others were awaiting them, and other lemonades were being prepared, and amber mouth-pieces cleaned up, to be presented on their approach. Rising from his seat, therefore, with the members who

had been admitted to his divan, they took the hands of Edgar and Nastuli, and motioned the procession to advance. The former struggled considerably for a while with his sense of politeness, before being induced to comply with these motions—his young partner was so fascinating, he himself so happy in being able once more to strike upon the long-neglected chord of his affections, and tell his feelings to a young Greek girl, who did not shrink from him, but gave him sympathy. A whisper, however, (unheard by any save himself) assured him that there should be a dance at night, and that then he should return to the house, if he really regretted to leave it. He now cheerfully obeyed, and following the Epparch and his train to where they chose to lead him, enlivened with his gay spirits the whole of the party, and communicated to others the smile with which the young Sciote had brightened up his own feelings.

Naxos, like most islands of the Archipelago, had its Catholic priests and monasteries; so that to the Monseigneur, or Vescovo,⁽¹⁾ was offered homage, as the man most worthy, next

to the Epparch, of receiving it. This was a septuagenarian, with whom the air of Greece seemed well to agree; for his features were lighted up with a singular degree of complacency, corresponsive likewise with his manners. The language he spoke was pure Tuscan, in the which he seemed to love more than ever holding discourse, on finding two strangers so well enabled to appreciate its beauty. The old man placed his guests by his side, and rubbed his hands and chuckled heartily as Edgar laughed at the jokes he gave in his own dear tongue. Then, after the accustomed offerings of coffee and sweetmeats, with wine, which the Monseigneur took care should go its round, he took from a peg above him his three-cornered hat, and made an acquisition to the procession, which again moved on.

The house of the consul, who officiated as such indiscriminately for all the powers in the known world who might require his aid, was the next which the august visitors were led to besiege. It was furnished in a style so perfectly European as to banish for a moment

from the Philhellenes the idea of its standing in an eastern clime. The long saloon through which they passed was filled with portraits, of the best Italian painters, while even the Virgin and the Saints were forgotten, or else were placed beneath the sofa; for this unexceptionable ornament made nowhere its appearance. At the extremity of the hall was a large glass door, which opened upon a balcony, looking out on the placid ocean, and the islets reposing on its surface. Here were assembled some ladies, who seemed to employ their time in talking scandal, (by the nature of the heartfelt laughs which followed an observation from either), and who were looking out below them for some one or other whom they wished to make his appearance. The rustling of Monseigneur's robes attracted their notice, and they blushed, as though they had been detected in planning a conspiracy, as soon as they perceived the approaching party. Like the dignitary of the church with his pure Tuscan, so was the consul not less anxious to exhibit his Parisian dialect, and he talked in a

manner more appropriate for a votary of that gay city than for one whose house and lands stood in the Cyclades.

Edgar was beginning to feel that the tutelar deity⁽²⁾ of the isle still had power over those tarrying in it, and thinking that his influence was not fairly exerted over a stranger, begged that the good Epparch and his ceremonious conductors would allow himself and Nastuli to retire, without making more visits, or partaking of further libations, and be re-conducted to his house. The Epparch, who considered such a preference as no more than a distinguished mark of esteem for his own person, complied with the request as soon as uttered, and sent out messengers forthwith, with orders to prepare all that the island could boast of for a feast; the violin which adorned the apartment of Monseigneur for a dance; and the best of the inhabitants for company. Such indeed was the diligence they shewed in the fulfilment of these commissions, that on entering the house of the Epparch all was prepared for merriment. The gentlemen were seated by the ladies, smoking

their chibouks, which practice these assemblies did not forbid; while some in Frank clothes, who had seen civilized Europe, and were not too modest to confess their travels, were attributing the most extraordinary customs to its inhabitants, whereby to curry admiration. Edgar alone was too agreeably occupied with his blue-eyed favourite to give heed to any save her. She had run towards him as soon as he entered, and her eyes had shone with such vivacity, as she took his hand and led him to his seat, that he was sure she had not forgotten him. His senses had been flattered by the first mark of esteem from the object he most wished should testify it towards him, by the confession that he was not indifferent to her whom he strove to please, and the whole was so intoxicating that his feelings were absorbed in that pleasing state of delirium, which he only who finds himself seated by the side of the woman that he loves can appreciate, or even imagine. The dancers were already ranged in order; the violin of Monseigneur which, to do that prelate justice, he had forgotten to play on himself, was sending forth its

cracked notes by the hand of an appointed fiddler, when a difficulty arose as to the choice of a master of the ceremonies.

This difficulty was at length settled, and the newly appointed, with a look of importance due to his office, took his place. As long as the dance of the country was in request, the violin was neglected for the three-stringed Albanian lyre, to which alone it can be stepped, and the master of the ceremonies, fresh from Syra, (³) had no official employment: but soon his powers were to be called into full play; for Edgar, who had not stepped out with the palicari on the mountains, so as to enable him to take a part in this rude dance, soon disengaged the handkerchief to which he and his fair partner were linked, and with the shock so given fairly overthrew half the set. The old host, in whose eyes any crime done by Mylordo, however great, would have appeared a virtue, instead of blaming the author of this accident, flew into a passion with the first institutors of the sport, for having invented a dance so barbarous; insisting immediately on a "quatrilla" being substituted

in its stead. The cracked violin, at this order, sent forth a long prelude: the deputed master, who, to his misfortune, had long been in Italy, took his place, not only to explain the figure to the dancers, but also to beat the necessary time with his foot; but the poor man soon found that he had to do with those who had never seen or heard of the steps he undertook to preside over; for the flourishes had scarcely finished, and the music of the quadrilla began, when all moved simultaneously, except Edgar and his partner, whom the former kept back forcibly by the hand, for fear of her being trampled over. Silence and order were again restored, and after a few preparatory exhortations and instructions, given out in an audible voice by the master, jealous for the reputation of his scholars, he threw himself furiously into the midst of them; seized hold of those nearest to him; pushed them into the places where they should be; and stamping unmercifully on their toes, contrived to get over the painful exercise enjoined them to endure as a sport. The fair Sciote, however, with

whom Edgar led the dance, had fared better than her young companions, for her *hand* only had been touched, and she had been led gently through the evolutions necessary, without the merciless maestro's aid. This furious preceptor, what with swearing, stamping, and hauling, had frightened the whole assembly, and was himself apparently much distressed; for he stopped awhile as the exercise was suspended, groaned heavily, and wiped the moisture from his brow. The set however must be finished, and, after a suitable pause, the task was re-entered on. This time they succeeded better; the next they still improved; till as the last finished, the maestro grimly smiled, and gave his judgment, that in time the dancers might become tolerable, were they to follow his instructions. Edgar gave not his amen to this advice—the form of his partner, (as well as of all the ladies present,) being, he thought, as he led her to her seat, too gentle; her feet too light to be pulled or stamped on at the caprice of such a barbarian.

Nastuli, meanwhile, was apart in every way

from these festive scenes ; he had seated himself previous to their commencement in a small veranda, which looked out on the adjacent meadows and vineyards, gilded over by the moon beams. A few select were by him, and were giving him an elaborate account of the first origin of this famed island ; and of the spots in it which the divinity had most blessed ; reckoning the time of these narrations by the chibouk they smoked, and varying the subject generally as the last whiff was exhaled. The communicative islander, who had hitherto supported the description, paused at length, and was proceeding to require, as the meed of his labours, a full and authentic account of Frankistan, and the first race who peopled it, when to his surprise the young Arnaoot⁽⁴⁾ whom he was addressing, no longer remained visible. Where could he be ? was next the subject of apprehension, for the door had been blocked up by the listeners, and but half of them had dosed during the stories that had been told. Emissaries were dispatched for tidings, and hours passed away without receiving any news of the strayed,

till the light step became suspended in the hall, while the dancers looked inquiringly at each other. "Holy mother," exclaimed the daughter of the Epparch, with whom Nastuli had been seated in the morning, "so silently to have escaped! his soul was pure, or else a vampyre might have carried him away." "Hush!" said the old man, rebuking her for her suspicions; "he came over to our country that he might fight for it, not to be carried off by evil spirits. The Virgin will surely protect him." The Consul looked grave, and shook his head. "There is no accounting for events in these strange times," said he, "when evil spirits are constantly abroad: each heart is laid hold of by them, and not a lip breathes without sending forth their essence. What think you of it, Monseigneur?"

But to the Vescovo his speech was vain, for far from heeding the remarks made, the old prelate had taken down his three-cornered hat, and was by this time a hundred yards from the house, in search of the *smarrito agnello*. But where was Edgar all this while? Why did he neither

shake his head, express an opinion, or sally out like Monseigneur? He had been deaf to all that was going forward; for standing with his young partner in a retired corner of the room, she had already made him her confidant, and was pouring into his bosom a thousand woes, which had tortured her's for want of one to share in them. She talked of Scio and Ipsara, and of her relatives who were massacred in the former isle. She told him, with all the enthusiasm of a youthful fancy, "of its valleys, intersected with paths and shaded by trees, spreading over the wanderer's head their luxuriant branches, bending under the weight of lemons, oranges, and pomegranates. There," she added, "was the land in which strangers loved to dwell, for every look they received was a kind one."

Her father had been one of the primates of the isle, and the luxuriant gardens adjoining his country seat had perfumed the air with the number of aromatic shrubs which grew there. She rambled in imagination once more over her favourite haunts—the shaded walks leading

through woods of orange, almond, and citron, above which rise the pointed empurpled mountains, their wild bosoms covered with a thousand fragrant shrubs, where the sun sets in glory on the wave, and gilds the summits of the isles which appear around at the horizon's verge, with the moonlight softening the whole scenery, and the guitar, the sweet island songs, and the murmur on the shore, which so oftentimes it brought with it. The fair Sciote then changed her theme to one more sorrowful, telling Edgar how the massacre had been: "Every house and garden," she said, "were strewed with corpses: beneath the orange trees, by the fountain side, on the rich carpet, and on the marble pavement, lay the young, the beautiful, and the aged, in the midst of their loved and luxurious retreats. No hands had borne them to their graves, while survivors still remained to perish; yet though no papas read over them, I trust they are in heaven," she added, while a tear rose in her expressive eye, which Edgar longed to kiss from it, but decorum forbade it, and a squeeze of the hand is the greatest liberty per-

mitted, even in the isles of the Cyclades. Though the fair Sciote talked of the shady groves and lovely orange bowers so numerous in her country, she would not confess that in these scented spots the accents of love had ever been poured out to her. Such a simplicity had indeed dwelt in her narrative—such appropriate sentiments had alternately traced themselves on her fair features, as she related the different scenes she had heard of or witnessed, that Edgar could have lent his ear to her for ever without tiring. “You will yet recover your beloved spot, Desfina,” he said: “an angel so pure as yourself cannot long be estranged from the paradise in which she was nurtured and which she loves.” Desfina sighed, and the conversation was becoming too sentimental, when the return of Monseigneur without any tidings of Nastuli, so increased the clamour as to arouse the lovers from their trance. Edgar, though less fearful than the rest of the assembly of an evil result to the wanderings of the gloomy young Arnaoot, could not the more discard his apprehensions at the length of his

friend's absence. Disengaging himself from the hold of Desfina, who besought him in an under tone not to tempt the Saints by exposing his person, he hastened out, attendant only to the claims of friendship, and stretched his researches beyond those of Monseigneur, who now threw himself on a cushion and counted his beads, while the rest of the Greeks made piously their cross and anathematized the fiend who had contrived to insinuate himself amongst them.

CHAPTER X.

We who have been as weary travellers,
Laved our parched lips from the same rivulet,
Shared in all dangers, and together spurned them,
And thus do we meet now?

Old Play.

THE object of their alarm, meanwhile, was far away. Fatigued with the extraordinary length of the history which was being related to him, and perceiving those nearest sound asleep, he had exchanged places with one who snored close to the door, gently removing him to where himself sat, and while the tale-teller was inveighing with greatest animation, towards the substituted sleeper, Nastuli had stolen out unperceived, and sauntered away towards the beach. Glad to

find himself in solitude, he enjoyed the magnificent vista before him of the gems of the ocean, which the moon made visible beyond.

Whilst his thoughts were musing on the beauty of the sight, a strong arm seized him by the waistband. He had scarcely time to look around him, when he was levelled to the ground by a stroke which deprived him of his senses ; on recovering, he found himself stretched upon a mat, with a group of savage faces, whom at the first glance he discovered to be Mainotes, seated in a circle before him, and quarrelling together vehemently. A boy, whose features he remembered having seen elsewhere, kept watch by his side, and raising his head gently, placed under it a pair of saddle-bags, well stuffed, which he had provided as a pillow, checking at the same time his motions to look about him. "Capitano," he said, "your wound is not yet healed, and you do no good in exerting yourself." The features of the lad, more earnestly scrutinized, brought to the remembrance of Nastuli his former page Cashimir ; but the

poor little fellow's gold and finery sat no longer on him. To the hundred questions which followed this conviction, Cashimir was obstinate, and would allow nothing but sleep. When still urged, he put the finger of one hand on his lips, and pointed with the other towards the Mainotes. Baffled in all his endeavours to glean an explanation of things either by persuasion or authority, Nastuli was fain to have recourse once more to his own brain for the solution of these mysteries that so staggered him. He recollected perfectly well a ball-room—Edgar—a long story being told him—and his substitution of the sleeper in his place; but how he had got into Maina with a gash on his thigh was what he could in no wise understand. For two days he remained in this suspense, guarded always in the same manner and with his young page at his side, who although he brought him his coarse provisions, refused, nevertheless, with surprising obstinacy, any attempts at breaking silence; when on the third, just as he was beginning to get used to the customs of this extraordinary people, a man darker than the rest, of

a countenance stern and thoughtful, his wide culottes folded in plaits round his thewes, and having more embroidery about them than those of the others, entered the hut, and with an authoritative air called from within it one of the party. The rest regarded each other with a look of surprise and inquiry, while the gold jacket of Nastuli, with his pistols, money belt, and silken turban, which until now he had not perceived, were hurried away into an obscure corner. About the share of this property they seemed to be perfectly agreed amongst themselves; but the real owner was of an opinion disallied to theirs, and not reflecting on his incapability of resistance, but obeying only the impulse of his blood, rose in a menacing posture, abusing these descendants of the Spartans for robbing him thus quietly before his eyes of the vestments which he had borne only in the defence of their country. The dark Mainote whom he addressed, began to smile as country was mentioned; and when Nastuli, provoked beyond all bounds, railed still more strongly at him, the former

curled up his mustachios and frowned. "Dog of a Frank," he said, laying his hand upon the pistol in his belt, "take what belongs to you to hell;" and drawing his weapon, he levelled it on the young Capitano, while the latter sprang to the corner where lay his own. But a shot was fired from an invisible hand, and the pistol dropped from the Mainote, who fell dead at the feet of Nastuli.

The dark chieftain before mentioned, had given him his deserts. "Is this, then," he said, his eye flashing fire while he addressed the others who remained, "is this to be the reward of those who make our land of miseries their home, that they may better us by their example? Go, plunder if you will; take out your corsair boats and destroy when you are driven to it, but learn henceforward no more to seek the blood of your benefactors."

The companions of the slain cast down their eyes, while their chieftain, taking no farther notice of them, stepped forward and seized the hands of Nastuli. "Young stranger,"

to what a distance he had been borne by his officious conductors, for he found himself roaming about the village and near the square tower of Maratonisi. This place was now singularly situated. The vicinity of Ibrahim and his expected movements had induced the Mainotes to fortify the town: but just as the tide of war was being awaited, a chieftain of Mistrà, who, by his command and riches, had most weight over his brethren, took the caprice of falling in love with his cousin's pretty wife. As the latter was a chieftain of no less weight than himself, Ibrahim was no longer thought of midst the stir which it awakened; but true to their feudal system, all rallied around the standard of their incensed chieftains, and commenced a civil war, which threatened for a while more devastation to the province than the Egyptians' conquest of it. These feuds had at length been quelled, but the marks of them were evident in the destruction of the houses round.

Manuel, who walked by Nastuli's side, was a man at this time well calculated to please

him : his words were few, and none were idly spent. He was sincere, brave, and hospitable, and disposed, it seemed, to make his sojourn amongst their tribe as pleasant as might be.

On returning to the hovel they had quitted, a large horde of Mainotes were already assembled there, sitting cross legged, who all arose simultaneously, and paid their submission to Manuel and Nastuli. It was a visit partly for the sake of condolence with the latter, which they took ample care to express, descanting largely on their indignation at the sufferings which had been procured for him ; asking at the same time a hundred different questions of Manuel, although they had long before known all, merely to demonstrate the interest which they took in what related to the stranger ; and looking at each other aghast with surprise and horror that such things could have been, while they concluded by recommending to Nastuli " patience," with an extraordinary emphasis laid on it. This word (*epominee*) not only in Maina, but in the whole of Greece, is applied indiffe-

rently as a cure for all diseases both of the soul and body; it is always uppermost in the mouth, and continually pronounced when one wishes to be gracious. Thus it happens that when they visit from politeness or from interest a dying man, to whom they know not what to say, they repeat this word of efficacy until the breath leaves him. For Nastuli's comfort they now used it to satiety, until the spitted sheep was at length produced. This was a luxury which the worthy Mainotes seldom indulge in, and were only inclined to do so now in honour of their illustrious captive, hoping that by pampering his appetite they might indemnify him for his troubles.

Whether in truth this channel of communication existed between the heart and palate of Nastuli the effect failed to discover; but with the Mainotes it was evident: dilated by good cheer, their rugged breasts lost the native hardness which belonged to them; they forgot that they had ever been rapacious, and laying their hands on their mouths and foreheads, in

remaining to me a home, I retraced my steps to Tripolizza; but finding that you had departed from thence, and having sworn to Papa Yauni (whom may the Virgin pardon) never voluntarily to desert you, I refused to become Caphidgé to another Capitano, and moving on, with the panogea only for my guide, turned my steps towards Navarene. Some Mainotes, however, a division of the troops of Petrobey, having quarrelled whilst on their march, and separated from the army with intention to return to their mysticoes, (^s) found me in their path, and stripping me of all that I had, made me accompany them to this town. Here I have remained amongst them for months together; and you may better judge of my surprise than I can express it to you, on perceiving my master brought hither wounded. Some pirates cruizing about the isles found you there, and fancying you a rich prize, carried you off. I knew you, spite of your paleness, and flew to your side, although for a time they would not allow me to remain with you."

“And have you suffered, my little fellow, during your abode with them?” enquired Nastuli.

“I have worked hard,” answered Cashimir, “in unlading the mysticoes on their return, but have never received a blow from any one. But you are quite altered, Capitano, since Fatmé sent his nosegay to you.”

Although this name brought with it few reflections, yet Nastuli's recollection of the happiness which at that time had been his, conjured up many within him: that little Cashimir should again stand by his side was another freak of fortune, though the pleasantest of all she had played on him. The boy seemed quite happy with his lot, and vowed never more to forsake his master, now that destiny had again united them.

The next day the hut wherein they slept was disturbed betimes by their roaring convives of yesterday, who came to present their homage. They made their accustomed circle, quite uninvited, and placing Nastuli in the middle, bawled out their brigand songs louder and with

gestures more savage than ever, for his supreme amusement. The entry of Manuel, the dark chieftain of the town, by extracting from them homage, suspended for a moment their rude merriment. He sat himself down at the right hand of his guest; and as the latter finished, took from him the cup in which coffee had been presented. After a short silence he renewed his entreaties that Nastuli would go over with him and his stratioti to Mistrà, which he described as an earthly paradise. "We will take you," he said, "upon our own shoulders, and you shall marry amongst us, and have vineyards and houses for your portion."

Nastuli uttered no decided refusal, nor would they wait for one; but escorted him out of the hut, lest he should have time to repent, some following, some preceding him, over the first mountain range of the interior which led to this land of vines and promise. They had not wandered for an hour over these wild acclivities, when the report of pistols, at no great distance,

indicated mischief at hand. Nastuli sent off Cashimir, his page, to see whence it proceeded, when he returned breathless, and beckoned to his master to follow him. Taking with him some of the Mainotes who looked least treacherous, and accompanied by Manuel, the young Capitano obeyed the motion of his Caphidgé, and followed whither he led him. The noise which had excited their alarm proceeded from a conflict held at a small chapel, against the wall of which a stout-limbed man had set his back, deprived apparently of his own weapon, since he was in the act of grasping that which lay in the belt of his nearest adversary; two others were opposed to him, whom a palicar, already slightly wounded, could scarcely assist him in resisting, and a man, from whom the blood flowed copiously, lay at the feet of the stout defender. The assailants, as soon as they perceived the assistance which arrived to their adversaries, left them in possession of the field, dragging along on their shoulders the comrade who had been wounded.

Nastuli hastened towards the stranger, to demand if he required further help, and now, for the first time, beheld the features of the assaulted. It was Staunton whom he looked on. The young Capitano ran forwards to embrace him, but the stern religionist pushed him back. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the former, in an agony of surprise; "is our former friendship thus to be remembered? Methinks the very service I have rendered you should meet with an acknowledgment less poor than that you give it."

"Nastuli," said Staunton, coolly, and not advancing from the spot to which he had retired, "there *was* a time when to convince you of the force of my attachment, I would have done all but sinned for you. I have traced the progress of your actions, nay, watched over them, with hopes to influence them by persuasion, with a fearful solicitude which another would not have imagined. I have forced myself to seeming satisfaction, while sharing with you in that wild levity which you thought enjoyment, only that I might gain a hold on you by my

compliance, and wean you from it by degrees. After the wildest scenes you had revelled in I have been waking while you slept, praying that God might temper your madness on the morrow. I left you, rejoiced at having gained from you a promise, and hoping to meet you bettered and happier, for you were far from really happy then. Your faith you have broken, not only to *me*, but to your God; and now that I can no longer serve you, now that nothing can reach your heart, go, commune with it as you will—adieu.” Staunton was lost amidst the mountains, before Nastuli could recover his senses for a reply. This last affliction was as unmerited as severe: the promise which Staunton alluded to had been broken on the accuser’s side, and the train of evils which followed his departure for Roumeli might be attributed wholly to its non-accomplishment. The present cut he had received made him stagger more than any prior one, for he could not comprehend how a heart over which he had once reigned so devotedly—on whose friendly throbbings he had so strongly counted, could in a few months

be entirely estranged from him—that affection, which, when strengthened and long set, becomes, like every other thing, a habit, should in a moment be out-rooted from the system, tormented his reasoning to conjecture; yet he had just seen the proof of its being so; and he was compelled to acknowledge, that his sanguine hopes had been all falsely set. Cashimir, who, while his master had been engaged with Staunton, had been collecting from the palicari who accompanied him all the particulars of his assault, learnt that the Philhellene was on his way from Napoli, after his recovery, to join the troops of Colocotroni, who having been baffled in his attempt at retaking Tripolizza, was posted about Calamata, for the purpose of repulsing such of the enemy as might advance upon Maina or the adjacent parts, from their tents at Modon and Navarene. They had been joined,” he added, “on the preceding day, by a party of Mainotes, amounting to eight in number, who were marching in the same direction. Staunton, who had with him only three men, did not regret at first this acquisition,

until, on passing a small chapel, he neglected the customary homage of signing his cross to it. The Mainotes, fancying him to be a Turk, attacked him: two of the men fled, and the life of Staunton, and the one who remained, would in all probability have been sacrificed to the bigotry of these assailants, were it not for the succour which arrived. Cashimir had collected from the same source information that the Turkish fleet were off the Cyclades, and that the Greeks were on the eve of an engagement. Nastuli, who sought only to drown thoughts which started up spite of his will, felt that the din of cannons would be better than a quiet sojourn amidst vines and olives to dispel them; he thought likewise of Edgar, the only one, save his page, who remained on earth to care for him, and refused determinately to proceed any farther. In vain did his disappointed followers remonstrate on this sudden change; in vain did they lay forth in glowing terms the sacrifice which his obstinacy would cost him, and to no purpose were made use of all

the shrugs which succeeded to the ill success of their exhortations. Nastuli gained his point, and was led back to the town. The Mainotes, although they perceived that their wished-for display of hospitality must for this once be abandoned, were not sullen notwithstanding, but formed a circle around him, and as though their wills had never been thwarted, begged of the young Capitano, with the same deference as ever, what were his new commands? "To be conducted," he replied, "to some one of the islands, near which the Greek fleet may still be lying." Manuel, to whom this request was made in particular, as having most influence of the party, crossed his arms for a moment over the large pistols which projected from his belt, and bent down his head in a meditative posture. "Anastasi," he said, at length, addressing one of the stratioti in attendance, "are there any boats to leave?" "There is one parts to-night," answered the fellow, whom he addressed, "well armed and with good hopes." "How is she manned?" asked the chieftain. "Leondaraki, the old

klephtes," replied the fellow, "is commander, and has with him forty stout palicari on board, trusting to the Virgin for their cargo." "To-night, then," exclaimed Manuel, turning towards Nastuli, "our Effendi shall leave us, if he so will; although it would have given us more pleasure to have led him to a place which he would have loved, and regretted to quit so speedily." Night came on apace, and the discharge of a hundred douphegia shewed Nastuli on his way to the beach, with Cashimir attending him. Manuel walked by the side of the Philhellene, who perceived a small mystico hauled out from the shore, and its sails already unfurling; a large party of Mainotes were scattered about its deck. The master of this craft had a long black beard, which added a still more untoward cast to a countenance at no time prepossessing. He was in wroth, and seemed disposed to tax the newly-arrived for their tardiness; but Manuel addressed to him some words in Turkish, which soothed the asperity of his mood, for he desired his *equipage* to lay out a plank for Nastuli and his page, to

embark with more convenience. Manuel shook the former cordially by the hand, begging him to forgive what had passed, and the mystico put out hastily to sea.

CHAPTER XI.

Had the lot been mine
In other days to 've tarried on thy shores,
I would have lingered still, and felt no cares—
But now my mood is changed.

Hallet.

THE wind was just beginning to rise, and by the pale circle about the moon and the dark streaks along the sky, bad weather seemed at hand. This, however, was a contemptible enemy to the Mainotes, who always contrived to find some creek wherein to lurk until it had passed. But the threatened storm blew over, the night resumed its former calmness, and the moon threw its light over the bark, enabling Nastuli to inspect the persons of its inmates. Some were seated below him on the deck, playing Casino ⁽¹⁾ with a rusty pack of cards; others were wrangling together on points of in-

terest ; others smoking their chibouks in silence as they leant their stout forms against the mast, creaking already to the breeze ; while two were keeping a sharp look-out forward. The Captain himself was asleep upon the deck, with all his arms about him : from his slumbers, however, he was aroused about midnight by the report of the man on the look-out, that a sail was in sight to leeward. All hands were in a moment upon their legs, straining their eyes to discover her. Weapons of every description were handed up from below, while a thousand orders were given, which produced but one effect—that of making chase after her immediately. Nastuli now, for the first time, found himself in the midst of a band of Corsairs, on the eve of some piratical exploits. He smoked his chibouk, however, and submitted to the destiny which had placed him there, without repining longer at its capriciousness. The ship which they chased, meanwhile, aware that the Mainotes were in her track, had crowded all her sail, and cleft the billows more swiftly than the mystico of the pirates. Des-

pairing, at length, of success, loud imprecations rang amongst the crew, while the Captain cursed them bitterly at having broken in upon his repose in so unprofitable a manner.

On the following day, towards dusk, the island of Santorin was visible ; and the captain having promised faithfully a safeguard to his passengers as far as he should coast, stepped up civilly to Nastuli, and reminded him that now his obligations were acquitted, or that, in other words, here he must disembark. Nastuli was not grieved, but wrapping his capote well over him, bade farewell to his conductor, with feelings the most stoical at quitting him ; while his friends the Mainotes having loyally comported themselves thus far, withdrew to another part of the island, where they cast anchor ; on the look-out, probably, not only for cattle, but for any other unhappy being with a gold jacket, who, like Nastuli, might have been tempted to pour his woes out on the beach. The latter meanwhile found himself in the midst of a quantity of vines, the stumps of which in many places proved an impediment to his march. Some peasantry soon

after appeared; but when they perceived the large silken turban, with the gun and pistols of the young Capitano, they uttered a shout as though the whole Turkish fleet had effected a disembarkation on their isle, and fled swifter than they could be followed. Cashimir, who was too small to excite terror, called out to them that they were Hellenes, when the peasants by degrees slackened their pace, and seeing in fact that only a boy pursued them, stopped for him to come up. The moment that they learned the visitor to be a Frank, and above all a stranger on their island, their demands for pardon became infinite, until Cashimir, determined to profit by their penitence, let them know that the only way in which their error could be forgiven, was by the immediate procural of two mules, and guides to conduct them to the town of Fiori, the principal one upon the island. With this demand the poor people cheerfully complied, and Cashimir, who cared not to march when not forced to it, took his station by the side of Nas-tuli, still stiff from the effects of his wound.

A large party moved towards them, composed of the primates of the island, who having heard that one houseless and a stranger had arrived, came thus to welcome him as warmly as the Greeks of Naxos had done, and invited him to their homes. While following them thither, one amongst their number suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy, and sprang forwards to embrace Nastuli. It was Edgar who held him in his grasp. His story being told, and identity rendered unquestionable, the latter, in his turn, recounted what had happened since they missed each other. "After your disappearance," he said, "the fears of the Naxians had increased to the highest pitch, and they had imagined for a long time the house of the Epparch to be haunted, actually setting a stigma on the poor man for allowing sprites to dwell near him."

It is hard to quit a Grecian isle without feelings of regret. Every thing one sees in it awakens attachment; and feelings finer than we before thought we possessed—ideas more pure,

are gradually tempted to develop themselves, from the influence which its genial clime holds over the imagination.

Nastuli was received on board the Epaminondas with a warm squeeze of the hand from her commander, which argued more joy than words would have done, at his restoration. They now steered for Milos, where lay their fleet expecting them; and a few hours' sail brought them into port. Forty-eight small brigs, of which fourteen were brulots, together with four golettes, were at anchor there, and shewed the united force of Hydra and of Spezzia. But those of the former isle were firm and undaunted as the hearts of the latter were base and cowardly. No sooner had the Epaminondas made her report than the brave Hydriote admiral, Miaulis, gave signal to get under weigh. A fine breeze favoured the wishes of the gallant veteran, in helping his fleet towards the hostile port. Already the brulots had received their last orders, to attempt the firing of the enemy's fleet in Navarene, and the rest of the Greek squadron their instructions to sup-

port the fire-ships and intercept such of the enemy as should endeavour to escape. They had just doubled Cape Matapan, when a large frigate, under French colours, was observed making signals to the fort of Modon, which were repeated from the town. The object of them was evident to the gallant Miaulis, who indignant that so flagrant a breach of neutrality should exist, ordered two brigs and a brulot to give chase to her. The frigate, however, by her superior sailing, got into Modon, but not before she had exchanged several shots with her pursuers. Kreazi, who shared to the full the incensed feelings of his admiral, for the first time in his life felt ruffled. "These dogs of Franks!" he said, giving vent to his spleen, while he strided impatiently the poop; "as far as their refusal to help their fellow Christians against the infidels, we submit to it, for it may be good policy; but do they think that we have not enemies sufficient to contend with without adding themselves to the number? When on the point of having Modon and Coron surrendered to us, have not the Austrians broken the

blockade, and by supplying our enemies with provisions rendered ineffectual the efforts of our best generals?" The curses which he muttered continued to be long and deep, until he recollected the two Philhellenes beside him. "Forgive me, my young friends," he said, composing himself, and taking their hands, "the expressions which have been forced from me by indignation and disappointment. Under the class which I have described, however, you cannot fancy yourselves to come, for you have proved otherwise in espousing our sinking yet glorious cause; — and now you have again a noble opportunity," he added, "for I see the old admiral has hoisted his signal for general chase and close action, and the Mussulmen are hastening out of Navarene, leaving their pilau untasted."

Every stitch of canvass was now crowded on the Epaminondas, and the cloud which for a while had darkened the manly brow of her commander gave place to an expression of the most lively exultation, infusing itself over the whole company, who knew that to fight under him was

to conquer. On the fleet's arriving off the mouth of the harbour of Navarene, the greater part of the Turkish squadron had contrived to get out, but had not yet been able to form any line of battle. Their whole force amounted to eighty sail : Miaulis lost not a moment, but bore up to close with the enemy, who waited with their accustomed coolness to receive them, until he detached a brulot to attempt one of the largest frigates. Kreazi's signal was made to assist her, for the admiral well knew his bravery, and the hazardous service he required of him. The brulot and her escort courageously bore down upon the enemy, whose fire now became principally directed towards them. The brulot was unsuccessful, however ; for although she had attached herself to the frigate, and her captain and crew had escaped on board the Epaminondas after lighting the match, the frigate had disengaged herself before the explosion. It was now the object of Kreazi to join his fleet, but the unsuccessful attempt of the fire-ship having given fresh confidence to the enemy, several of them crowded about the Epaminondas,

already cut up considerably, both in hull and rigging, and brought her to a close and unequal action. Miaulis, who had before made the signal for retreat, on account of the base desertion of the Spezziotes, more than half his force, upon seeing the perilous situation of the brave Kreazi, signalled his intentions to the fleet, and bore up to his assistance. The Epaminondas was in close engagement with four of the enemy, who, on perceiving the reinforcement, sheered off. She had lost both her topmasts, and her masts were badly wounded. Several of her crew were killed or disabled; but the two Philhellenes had escaped untouched. Miaulis perceiving that nothing more could now be done against the Turkish fleet, being left with only twenty-two sail, the greatest part of which small force were damaged, ordered one of the largest brigs to take the Epaminondas in tow, and made sail for Hydra, while the Mussulman fleet bore away for Patras. But had the Greeks known the prize which that fleet carried with it, not a ship, while a mast remained, would have abandoned the contest, unequal as it was.

Ibrahim the Egyptian was on board with six thousand troops on his way to Missolonghi. Having long awaited news of the siege in Modon, and exasperated at length at the inability of Cutyhi Pasha, with twelve thousand Turks from Anatoli, to force his way into a town defended only by a ditch, he had with half that number made an expedition, fully intending to turn Cutyhi with shame from the camp, and to send him the bowstring on the very first occasion which offered. The haughty Egyptian knew that he had become powerful, from his recent successes; yet he knew that he must not trust to the appearance of adulation which his power had produced, from a people so tottering in opinion as his own; but to tread securely in dignity must first raise himself so high by deeds as to be beyond the reach of his enemies. He knew that the Sultan had already begun to cast a jealous eye on him; that should he fail in any enterprise which he commenced, the bowstring, with the Grand Seigneur's compliments, would be the infallible result; yet he despised all the

obstacles which were paving for him, his insatiable ambition having already reposed his all on the die which he cast in his first expedition to Greece. Topal, Capitan Pasha of the fleet, was, on the other hand, a man discreet and wily, who, unlike Ibrahim, loved a present security, gained at little expense, better than a future one, worked out by storms and troubles. He was plodding and diplomatic, and had the reputation of being the most polished courtier throughout his imperial majesty's dominions, and consequently of being high in favour with the Porte. The following anecdote which is related of him, accounts for his good standing with the latter. Some years previous to the commencement of the Greek revolution, Hassan Bey, an Osmanly, who commanded a part of the Capitan Pasha's squadron, had acquired by avarice and extortion immense sums of money. His coffers were filled with gold and jewels, and the rich Muscovite furs of his pelisse, no less than the diamonds which glittered on the sheath of his scimeter, excited the envy of all. Yet notwithstanding this Hassan had

many friends, for he had policy enough to reserve them in case of need. The Sultan at length, to whose ear complaints, when they can tend to destruction, every moment find their way, being assured of the immense treasures of his subject, began to dream of them, and finally gave orders to his janissaries to present to Hassan the imperial firman, as the easiest method of securing them to himself. But Hassan's friends had gained timely intimation of these measures, and apprising him of them, the Osmanly fled to a large cavern or mountain hold, which he had long before provided for himself, in the depth of Caramania, his foresight having before given hints to him that such a country-seat in time might be necessary. Thither he had all his treasures removed, and thither did Pashas, Beys, and Effendis, come over to him daily, under various pretences of visiting him; but Hassan laughed at them all within his sleeve, well knowing that under their gold jubbees lurked the imperial Hattisheriff, at the sight of which every good Musselman is obliged to bend his head to be sent to heaven.

Though he greeted them all from his cavern with politeness, Hassan excused himself from allowing them to enter ; and when they became too importunate, his guards would step down to attend to them, generally bringing back their heads, which were suspended on poles about the cave, to signify the success of like missions. In a short time his visitors became less numerous : in despair at success, the faithful began to abandon their projects, and Hassan would probably have remained sole possessor of the cavern and its riches, had not a more formidable opposer started up for the disturbance of his tranquillity. This was no other than Topal, the Capitan Pasha himself : already high in office, he wished to establish himself in his dignity the better ; and for this purpose set out with a small escort for the mountains of Caramania. Hassan was of a character brave and sincere ; and when he saw Topal at his cavern, no longer did he close its entrance, but folded him in his arms and welcomed him. They had ever been sworn brothers together, and had been intimates from the earliest age in which intimacy can be formed.

Topal remained with him twenty days, which his host gave up to merriment: on the twenty-first, however, he fell sick, and stretched himself upon the brocaded couch which stood in the apartment. Hassan, in his love, would suffer no other hands to administer to him, watched by his side as would a mother by her infant's, and was handing him a cup of cooling sherbet, when the traitor drew from under the cushion his firman and showed it to the Osmanly. Another, more pious, would have kissed and knelt to it: but Hassan was not so tame. His eyes flashed with rage on the betrayer, and as the guards of Topal, who had been in waiting for the event, attempted to seize him, he struck them from him with his scimeter. Two were already stretched at his feet, and the rest scarcely dared approach him, when a ball from the pistol of Topal entered the breast of the Osmanly. But he seemed now to be above death; for he threw himself on the Capitan Pasha, who, no longer an invalid, was preparing a second pistol for his defence, and seizing him in his brawny arms, had thrown him headlong on

the marble pavement. The exertion, however, overpowered him, and he fell by the side of his breathless betrayer.

"Traitor," he said, turning towards Jopal, "you knew that you had gained my heart; why did you not likewise know, that in gaining it you possessed the key to my treasures? It would have opened to you more than ever you will extort from the Sultan by your treachery."

Hassan expired; and Topal, whom no contrition reached, severed his head from his body, and loading his camels with the treasures he had gained, bore them with his scattered followers from the cave. Proud of his exploits, and still more so of the treasures entrusted to his charge, he bent his course direct for Stamboul; and entering the palace of the Grand Seigneur, laid these offerings at his feet. Machmoud received him with transport, and clothing him in rich robes, demanded in what way he would wish to be requited.

"May the smiles of your countenance be continued towards your slave," answered Topal. "and may he ever lick the dust, as he has

done, from your feet, and then he will be sufficiently rewarded."

To a demand so modest, the Sultan could not object. He swore by Mahomet—an oath which no Mussulman can violate—that, during his life and the life of his successor, Topal should not be deprived of any of his dignities; and that, spite of the calumnies which his enemies might spread against him, the bowstring should never be his fate. The Capitan Pasha retired, well satisfied with his requital: he was wise enough to know that the oath which had been made him was of more real value than any present possession; since now, secure in his own safety, he was enabled to give free scope to his intrigues, and play them off fearlessly to his advantage.

Before the revolution, he had been esteemed by the Greeks; and such an adept was he in manœuvres, that still, although their enemy, he contrived to preserve their affections. This policy, he well knew, might in a thousand ways be of benefit to his advancement. He had often abandoned the Egyptian fleet to their fate,

that the Greeks might have an opportunity of defeating them more easily ; to which he was urged, partly from an inclination of being neutral towards the Ghiaours, whose services he might on occasion claim, partly for the same reason as Rumelia is laid waste while the Moreotes look coldly on—because they belong not to the same breed. But Topal could act thus tamely no longer, for the son of Mechmet, more powerful than himself, flushed with great exploits and running on to exploits still greater, had now demanded of his fleet to transport him ; and although the gracious promise of the Sultan had prevented a firman, yet the proud Egyptian was as lawless as was Hassan, and little respecting the patronage of the Sultan, would have raised or shortened the head of the Grand Seigneur's favourite, just as his own supreme will should prompt him, without advice from any. These two were dashing on towards Patras, while the Hydriotes, in dismay, were repairing their brigs, and sending forth scouts to ascertain the direction of the Spezziotes who had so villainously deserted them. The brig of Kreazi,

meanwhile, had been towed into the port, and the inhabitants had already collected in numbers on the beach to look at her situation, and to ask how speeded the fight. The dismal tidings were no sooner related, and the wounded sent on shore, than many stood in a circle around them, fearing to recognize, midst their pale features, some relative or dear friend. A tall, thin man, with a large mantle thrown over his shoulders, stood gazing attentively for a long while on the face of a sailor, so mutilated as hardly to be known. At length he seemed convinced, for he wrung his hands violently, and crossed himself with significant gestures: "It is my brother," he said, "and the Spezziotes have brought him to this. He was a palicar better than any amongst them, and you might have sat under the shade of his mustachios."

Having uttered this eulogy on his relative, in whom indeed life appeared to be now extinct, he abandoned himself to a violent grief, and walked around his body, howling like a maniac. "Friend," said a sedate old man who stood near, "calm your transports. Your

brother, it is true, has been killed ; my sons remain in the fleet to be so from the same cause—the abandonment of the Spezziotes. But no matter ; for their lives we will have a hundredfold of blood : and even now let us embark towards their island and revenge ourselves.”

The proposer brandished in his hand the large pointed knife which had been in his girdle, and ran to make good his threat, towards a sailing-boat which stood near. The tall man liked this project, and with many others, whom the same feelings had inspired, stepped into it with savage gestures, and put out from land with intent to revenge themselves on the islanders of Spezzia. Whilst the fierce spirit of the Hydriotes was thus displaying itself, the fair sex of the island were no less moved, though their manner of expressing it was different. Unlike the beauties of more western climes, these *really* grieved, and deeply, now that their husbands or their betrothed were away from them. Having heard of the dangers to which they were exposed, they had hurried towards

a small chapel, which stood on a further rock, where a lamp was kept always burning before the shrine of the Virgin. Here they had before offered up their vows on the departure of the fleet, when the squadron, in sailing by, had wafted its last farewell to the suppliants; and here did they now renew their prayers for the protection of those who were in danger. The brig of Kreazi needed thorough repair; and the occupations of Edgar preventing him from a sufficient stay at Hydra for their termination, he was fain to take leave of his good friend Kreazi. Nastuli likewise quitted the brig, wherein some pleasant hours had been spent, not wishing to be within it the sport of solitude, with nothing to look on but the waters. Edgar's relatives had called him away, for they could ill bear his longer absence; and he had determined on making one visit to Athens and then quitting Greece. His entreaties to Nastuli to become his companion to the west were pressing and numerous, but the young Capitano had duties to perform—hopes to redeem, if it were possible, in the land of his infatuation,

and resisted all the remonstrances of his friend. "God bless you, then," said Edgar, as he stepped into the small craft which was to bear him towards Athens, "we shall again meet;" but Nastuli was far from thinking so; his eyes followed the bark, and as he turned away from the long vista of the waves, he felt that chill cold sickness pervade him which is peculiar to the mind on losing the only friend one has fondly reckoned upon retaining. Cashimir, however, not willing to let affliction have its course, diverted his master from the source of his gloom to the object in view, and having been told his intentions to proceed to Napoli, ran instantly to strike a bargain for their passage with the Caïck which was to bear them, that his master might not be cheated of a para on his arrival. It was already about to sail, and crammed to suffocation with stratioti lying in all directions about it. Happily, however, no burning rays were darted on them, nor was an irksome calm upon the waters, but the breeze was fresh and favourable.

CHAPTER XII.

Do not linger now,
The very air is here a whisperer;
And, as the viewless arrows of the pest,
The unknown ministers of vengeance speed.
Galt's Clytemnestra.

NASTULI, who travelled as a klephtes is wont to travel, without any description of baggage save a capote, which, flung on the shoulders, serves as bed, carpet, and every other purpose that can be needed, stepped into the bark without delay, Cashimir following him with the chibouk; and whilst the eyes of his master were straying about to observe where a seat amongst the crowd might be found to repose on, the page, who had foreseen and provided a remedy for this difficulty, in an authoritative manner pushed away from the mast, which

they had surrounded, three weary old vlachos, who had fancied themselves well accommodated for the voyage, and pointed to his master the place which had been occupied by them. The palicari, no ways pleased at this interruption, were curling up their mustachios to resent the insult, when the Caphidgé whispered to them that Nastuli was a Mylordo and a great Effendi, which appeased their incipient wrath. Amidst the voices of the merry Greeks, who now sent forth most strenuously their never-dying revolutionary staves, Nastuli thought that he distinguished one with which he was not unacquainted, and looking towards the part whence it proceeded, he recognised the features of Jopanée, one of his ancient soldiers, who likewise used to officiate as buffoon, and whom he had not seen since the surrender of Navarene. The poor fellow no sooner saw and identified his former master, than he flew into ecstasies, and after repeated crossings and exclamations, took from the hand of Cashimir the pipe which belonged to Nastuli, insisting upon the honour

of re-filling it, to show how willing he was again to render service.

"In whose employment have you been so long, Jopannee?" enquired Nastuli; "and why did you not stay with me?"

"Effendi," replied Jopannee, who found it necessary to lie a little, "after Navarene was lost, and you had marched on to Gastuni, I was forced to retire to Calamata with the body of my cousin, that I might sing over him and bury him decently. The ceremony was no sooner concluded than I left the town, and with the swiftness of the wind hastened to Gastuni in search of you. But there I learnt nothing; and hearing at last that you were dead, struck my forehead against the wall, and made all the world come round me to ask the cause of my affliction. I then took off my rouko, ⁽¹⁾ for as to parades," added the fellow, "I had none of them, and carrying it to the nearest papas, gave it to him on his performing three masses for the repose of your soul. Say, Stiko, is it not true?"

"Jopannee is right," replied the unblushing Stiko, and the fellow having gained fresh confidence by finding himself supported, resumed impatiently his narrative.

"I let my beard grow," he continued, "and swore not to shave it until I had revenged your death; then journeying on with a few companions towards Anatolica, that I might see my family once more before I should die, we saw on the road a body of Delhis feasting; they watched us as we tried to avoid them, and galloped after us, but we fled into the mountains, and escaping them *with our souls in our teeth*,⁽²⁾ arrived at length in Anatolica."

"Did you see the marshes there on fire?" interrupted an old palicar eagerly.

"No," answered Jopannee.

"I did then," resumed Demo, gravely; "listen, and I will tell you something strange: I was seated one evening with my brother's wife in her konaki at Anatolica, consoling her for the loss of her husband, who had died and been buried three days before. He had been an old armatoli, had many crimes upon

him, and had broken the cross with his last strength, as the Papas placed it on his breast for confession. The Panogea, however, is merciful, and we hoped that she might still intercede for him. The little child was gone out to play, and the mother was looking anxiously out of the window for its return, when she called out to me to come near her : I approached, and beheld the whole swamp before us one mass of fire. I had once before seen the same twenty years back, when old Papadopolo was killed in the fray, and bad things had come of it. The woman asked me then if I thought that her husband had become a *vracolicos*, and was going to pay her a visit? for the three days in which they are obliged to lie still had already passed. I told her to make her cross three times—to say as many *kerie eleïsons* as she could mumble during the while, to rekindle the lamp before the saints, and then to comfort herself: but she had hardly finished when we saw a large flame playing on the marsh, and moving by degrees towards us. It bounced at length upon the threshold of

the door, and with a loud explosion disappeared; at the same instant a face was seen glaring upon the woman. We knew it to be the vampyre of her husband, as it approached nearer towards us, still keeping its eyes in the same direction: at length it spoke to her in a low voice: "Where is Lampsaki?" it said, (this being the name of the little son). "He is gone far away," replied the woman, recovering herself at this demand; "what would you have with him?" "I want to shew him pretty sights," rejoined the vampyre, in a persuasive tone. "He will eat him," whispered the wife to me. "What can be done?" "Give me then some beans and olives (³)," said the vampyre, seeing the woman firm in not discovering the child, "for I have not eaten to-day." "Our beans and our olives are not to be spared," I answered loudly; "so get back to your tomb, and die peaceably without troubling us, then masses shall be said for the repose of your soul." The vampyre of my brother paid no attention to what I had told him, but still continued to

move forwards towards the woman ; so I drew out my pistol, and taking it in my left hand, and waving it in the sign of the cross, fired on him : he disappeared with a groan ; but the child no more returned, and many died in the village that night. The next day being Friday, we knew that the tombs would be at quiet ; but on the following morning I procured three papades, and returning to the house, laid out a large quantity of wood upon the hearth, forming a circle around it. Here we sat reading the Evangelion till the vampyre made its appearance. The papades then ordered it to enter the circle, which it could not refuse to do, when setting fire to the faggots, a loud shriek gave notice that the foul spirit was consumed."

The listeners all crossed themselves devoutly, as soon as this marvellous tale was finished. "Whilst Ulysses was alive," said a Romigliote, "no spirits dared to come near our country ; but may his murderer be in the worst place of them."

A hundred other stories, equally strange with the one just told, took their round

amongst the soldiery, anxious to beguile the weariness of the voyage ; and so well did their endeavours succeed, that the boat had cast its anchor alongside the beach of Nauplia ⁽⁴⁾ almost before the passengers perceived it. This city, ever bustling, was still more so just now. Colocotroni and his stratioti had arrived there after some recent successes, and were preparing themselves for attempting again the siege of Tripolizza. The moment for it seemed indeed most favourable, since Ibrahim's absence from within had given the first signal for dissensions amongst the Arabs, and the interception of the passes of Leondari by Niketas, inasmuch as it prevented the possibility of provisions being thrown in from Modon, had increased them to a state of open rebellion : added to this, the fever was raging amongst them, and the retainers of the town reduced by it to the number of three thousand. The Moreote capitani were thus all big with the hopes of success from an assault upon the distressed citadel, and were strutting about the lanes and engrossing the attention of the spectators, with the air of

Greeks on the eve of an important event. Nastuli was soon in the midst of them, with Cashimir and Jopanée at his heels. Amongst the many capitani who greeted him was old Luca, with whom he had taken his first march into the town. The wound which he received at Nava-rene, more obstinate than he had counted on, had prevented his rejoining Nastuli there: his beard had taken its growth, as well as those of the other Bulgarians with him, in token of sorrow at his chieftain's loss, and he was now with a large party of followers on his way to Missolonghi by land, affairs wearing badly there, to relieve the garrison. With the bluntness of manner natural to him, he laid hold of the arm of Nastuli, and presuming on his rights, as his most ancient friend in Greece, drew him away from all, and led him thus through several lanes, still preserving the strictest silence. "Capitan Nastuli," he said, breaking it at length, "you are not well here in Napoli; you must positively share with us the campaign to Missolonghi, and there get yourself beyond malice: you have

many enemies prowling about you here—not amongst us, but amongst the Franks." "And why?" asked Nastuli, looking stedfastly on the unruffled expression of the speaker.

"Oh, for that I know not," answered old Luca, "probably because their self-conceit is hurt at your having shaken off their society and customs; probably because your chimera is fuller than theirs: but from whatever cause their enmity may arise, take the advice of Luca, and change the air."

"They cannot injure me," rejoined Nastuli, "for I act quite independently of their interests."

"Pardon me," resumed the inflexible old Capitano; "the veriest maggot, when it will, can pester one. Though these themselves may be contemptible, they yet have the power of making their scandals credited by those who are not so."

"There is a certain youth, who has been for a month on board the brig of Miaulis, and although he never saw a Turkish ship nearer than two leagues, has already written

accounts of long and bloody actions, in which he has made himself the hero. Add to this, he has described conversations with Miaulis, although he never could speak to him, from his ignorance of the language, and has procured a fac simile of his hand-writing, although the old Admiral could not pen his name, which he preserves with the same reverend care which the priests use towards the lock cut from the tresses of the Virgin. Thus has he already found matter for half his intended publication; for the other half, however, you are to be his benefactor; for the moment he heard of certain events concerning you, somewhat out of the common, he came hither to Napoli, on the wings of expectancy, with his pocket-book and pencil in his hand, noting down, no matter what be the veracity of his narrators, all that he can possibly gather about you and your affairs. Should he get a sight, he will certainly take his sketch of you as of a monster, and stick you up, perhaps, in the frontispiece of his work."

Nastuli smiled, spite of the serious mood in which old Luca had warned him. "This,

my new Frank friend," he said, "is no other than one of those newsmongers employed by a committee for the purpose of retailing the account of events, who think nothing of destroying the reputation of men and the peace of those concerned with them, so as they succeed in filling up a column with the marvellous. Yet that cannot much hurt me; for though the world, fond of novelty, may tolerate the first perusal, yet as soon as they grow wearied by its insipidity, they will listen no longer to its follies, but both their author and object continue unheeded."

"All this may be well," rejoined the inflexible old Luca, "for the dog of a Frank himself, or for those who may read his lies of you. Yet even while he collects, he disseminates them, and fully satisfied that whatsoever images his poetic genius may furnish him with be truth, and not hoping ever to see you for the interruption of these delightful inventions, he impresses them fearlessly on the opinions of all, that his publication may not be contradicted when it appears."

Nastuli was preparing a reply to Luca's reasoning, when the loud riots of Jopannee turned his attention to the spot. The minstrel, he found, had been giving a lusty blow to the back of a wandering vlacho, stopping him as he went with the salutation, *à la stratiote*, of where are you going to, my brother? at the same time pointing out to him Nastuli, with a peculiar liveliness of tone and gesture. It was Anastasi, the Moreote guide, who had been situated in the swamps beyond Purgos, on his first march from Gastuni. This disaster, if such might be judged from the appearance of the sufferer, had been followed up by a perpetual succession, for his features looked more sallow and weather-beaten, and his eye was sunken in his head. No sooner did he recognize the young Capitano, which seemed astonishing even for the discernment of a Greek, considering the perfect change of costume and manners which had been assumed by him since they first met, than he ran towards him and kissed his hand. "Anastasi," asked Nastuli, "how come you to be so woful?—is the old Eparch, your master, dead?"

"No," said Anastasi, "God has reserved him amongst other sinners, although I have no reason to rejoice at it. As I returned to him, on leaving you, the beast which had fallen into the mud it pleased God to kill; but no sooner had I declared the loss of him on restoring the other, than I found I had better have placed on myself its pack-saddle than have been so ingenuous as to make confession; for I was sent off without a pair of sarrukia to march with, and had to travel once more over the mountains in search of a captain and a pair of shoes. But heaven, which was not yet tired of tormenting me, decreed that near the same spot, the place of my former misfortunes, as I was gazing pensively on the ditch wherein I had been thrown, a party of Moreotes approached me. Tripolizza had just been taken by the Turks, and they had escaped from it in still worse plight than myself. Determining that I should not have any advantage over them, they stripped me of all the parades I had about me, and the clothes which I wore, and wishing me "a happy hour," departed. Thus abandoned to my mis-

fortunes, I began to blaspheme against the Virgin, when, as I slept, I dreamt that Saint Stefano approached me, carrying in his hand two wax candles of goodly size. On awaking, the dream recurred to me, and I remembered the promise which I had made before being extricated from the mire, of offerings to my patron Saint on my deliverance. I had no sooner entered Napoli, therefore, than I sold my fusicleki, ⁽⁵⁾ and with the money purchased four candles of nine inches in diameter, for the sake of appeasing the justly-offended Saint. My fortunes afterwards bettered: a Capitano took me into his service, and clothed me; and now God has attended to the intercession of the Virgin, in bringing me to your presence once again."

This long catalogue of sufferings, with the well-turned compliment which a Moreote usually contrives to thrust in at the conclusion of his speech, so far moved the pity of Nastuli as to force from his jeppa a machmoud. The eyes of Anastasi glittered like its gold on finding it in his hand, and he followed Jopannee and the

Caphidgé, resolved not to lose sight of a master whose benefits were so substantially conferred. It was now the hour of the day when, the Siesta finished, all were used to crowd to the esplanade, and Nastuli, attended by Luca and followed by his accumulated train, sauntered there instinctively with the rest. Parties, gay and political, were met there ; the former, consisting of the younger and less important Capitani, comparing notes with one another on their success with the young Moreote ladies, whose houses faced the walk, and who ever and anon would find a pretext for exposing the rounded arm, or even sometimes the whole bust, for the further encouragement of those whom they favoured ; the other set consisted of old klephtes, or sedate courtiers, talking over the times, and how they might be bettered.

It was now winter, and the majestic plane-tree, under whose friendly shade numbers would resort during summer, smoking their chibouks and listening to scandal, was now no longer sought after. Exercise alone was called in need to dispel the frosty influence of

the air, and no longer seated, each walked hastily about, not to suffer from its effects. One man, however, regardless of the manners of the rest, would be governed by no humour but his own, and whether from an indifference to the inclemency of the season or from a native eccentricity of disposition, was resting himself, with his arms a-kimbo, over a mouldering gun-carriage, his eyes fixed on the old rock of the Palamede, which seemed to occupy exclusively his attention. This deviation from the ways of the rest, did not fail, any less than the person of the non-conformer, to draw the attention of the Greeks upon him. Some as they passed looked on him with pity, others with scorn; but no effect was produced by either feeling on the individual exciting it, who seemed determined to indulge his fancies to the utmost. A tap on the shoulder at length, however, aroused him from his bewilderings; he looked round, and saw that Mavrocordato had disturbed his reverie. A sort of passing blush came over him at the discovery, but he soon regained his natural composure, and walked with the prince

from the spot, when they were seen afterwards conversing together.

This individual, of habits so eccentric, was Burley the American, whose character has been touched on in the interview which took place with him and Staunton. Luca, who from the interest which he felt in the behalf of Nastuli, had become quite inveterate against Franks of all kind, did not let him pass without a philippic. "There goes another," said the testy old Capitano, pointing after him as he walked; "an insufficient fool, a wild impostor, who comes hither and lays down his claims as though he had been sought after by ambassadors. Of such a class are all they who abuse the Hellenes for ingratitude. I would ask for what one good quality about them are they worthy even of protection? We are wrong, I say, in tolerating them. They are zealous to be sure, enthusiastically so for our cause, and to such a point have they carried this virtue, that they have quitted their own country to assist us, from fear of starving or being hung, should they have remained there."

Old Luca was not silent in his entreaties to Nastuli to be his comrade towards Missolonghi. Nor was his suit in vain ; for the young Capitano, induced by the nobleness of the Suliotes, with whom he had before gathered laurels, to join again their band, still more than by the florid disquisitions and fire-lit eye of the old klephtes, was content to resume the path he had swerved from in his phantasy, by sharing in the glories which those in Missolonghi were acquiring.

CHAPTER XIII.

Zante, Zante, fiore del Levante.

Song of the Natives.

INDUCED by motives of benevolence, on Cicero's banishment from Rome he journeyed towards Zante, "as there," he said, "being all rogues and villains, his fame would be perpetuated could his rhetoric succeed in converting them." The orator's attempts proved vain; for, as though beyond his efforts, or those of nature, to correct, not a single soul has been bettered, or a habit become less vicious than at first. The former inhabitants were fishermen—the present are petty tyrants. The women were slaves—they now are coquettes; and so insensible in their natures, that the pretty Moreotes, with all their susceptibility, cannot persuade them of the advantage of possessing a heart.

The same base coin which paid their fathers' labours will likewise purchase their daughters' affections, and a lover who brings sighs only to his aid is soon compelled to abandon the siege. In a word, though the island is the garden of the Levant, those who dwell on it are its weeds.

It was on the day of the feast of San Dionisio, and the church dedicated to his name was crowded to suffocation by the zealous Zantiotes, eager to prostrate themselves before the sacred relics exposed to view. Mariners bearing with them small pieces of junk, pressed forwards, and laid them before the holy case⁽¹⁾, to put the saint in mind of their calling and their object, lest, midst the numberless petitioners, he might forget them. The rich, holding in their hands candles of an extravagant diameter, offered them as they gave their prayers. The poor threw in their oboli⁽²⁾ and none had yet dared to approach without a conciliatory present, when some females, whose faces were hidden by a thick veil, walked towards the shrine, and whispering to it for some time in a suppliant

attitude, withdrew without making the accustomed tribute. A murmur ran throughout the crowd at this neglect, and heightened amongst the priests, who, being entitled by their holy vocation to a share of the profits derived from piety towards their saint, considered the conduct of the females as savoring most strongly of blasphemy. The haughty Zantiotes, seeing by the gold jubbee and small red scull-cap that the offenders were Moreotes, against whom they hold an unconquerable aversion, instead of making way for them to pass towards the door, kept obstinately close to each other, for the sake of barring their departure. The most delicate of the party, overpowered by the heat of the crowd, as well as frightened by its barbarity, was sinking to the ground, when the arm of a stander-by supported her, and led her with her companions from the church.

Though somewhat revived by the air, which blew freshly along the beach, the invalid still leant upon her conductor, who forced her through the immense numbers collected there, imagining themselves blest in proportion as

they were near the chapel. The stranger was stout, and seemed little to care for these obstructions, and his charge was already rescued by him from the pressure of the multitude, when she withdrew the veil that had concealed her features, and disclosing a face of much beauty, smiled on her conductor as she thanked him. "You have been sent me by the Virgin," she exclaimed, "or else how could you have arrived so opportunely to my succour?"

The stranger, whose knowledge of the Romaic was very imperfect, and of Greek punctilios still more so, replied only by a bow, and still continued to detain her within his grasp. His Moreote charge seemed perplexed, for though she did not wish to disoblige her benefactor, yet numbers whom they passed gazed with astonishment at this infringement of all decorum. Blushing deeply, she at length withdrew her arm: the stranger blushed likewise, but with vexation; and it was not until the rest of her party had overtaken them, that either could at all recover themselves from their embarrassment. "Effendi," said the elder, ad-

dressing him in Italian ; “ Adriana is infinitely obliged to you for your courtesy ; but as our restricted habits forbid us to hold intercourse with men, we must wish you the blessing of the Panogea, and go our way.”

“ May I not call,” interrupted the stranger, “ to inquire if she has suffered ?” The sister replied only with a look of amazement, and it was evident that her opinion of the strange conductor was ebbing apace, from the laxness he had displayed in his morals. A feeling of interest, however, had possessed the stranger, and either ignorant of the prejudices of the new land he had just arrived in, or disdaining to give heed to them, Mortimer determined at all hazards again to meet his charge. Returning to his lodgings, and revolving in his mind the events of the day, he remembered having seen near Adriana, upon leaving the church, a figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, spite of the warmth, and looking on them both attentively ; he had seen the same on his first arrival, and the seeds of romance which lay within him being aroused

by the singularity of this appearance, supplied him with subjects for rumination until he approached the door of the house wherein he lodged. This was a Locanda, which, although the best in Zante, was little superior to the worst in Italy. Here his studies were disturbed by day, and his slumbers at night, by the infernal din of the Zantiotes resorting to it for the sake of drinking, talking scandal, and intriguing against their neighbours, and by the Frank residents of the island, who, from want of better to do, employed themselves in dog-killing under the windows, to the annoyance of quieter inhabitants. Happily for Mortimer, the chase had not yet commenced, and the camera itself was unoccupied, so that he had scope to meditate for a while, during this unusual interval of stillness, on the fair Moreote he had just seen, and the manner of knowing her better. Whilst in the midst of his schemings, two Greeks, instigated by the calls of hunger, entered the apartments and diverted him by their appearance from the current of his thoughts. They were both stout

men, of a countenance wily and sarcastic, and resembling each other as nearly as the Dromios of Syracuse and Ephesus. They had just returned from the market-place with their budget of news burning within them, for want of a circle to disclose it to ; but the present not being a fast-day, and every man being consequently allowed to eat flesh with his family at home, none needed to repair hither for the sake of sinning in privacy, and the Locanda was destitute of listeners.

"Missolonghi, then," said the one, with a sigh, "must fall: fifteen pashas have been driven from its walls, only that the bloodhound Ibrahim may enter it."

"An evil year may the government have of it," said the other, "who think more of their women and their couches, than of sending in provisions till too late."

"Alas!" resumed the former, "fixing his large black eyes upon Mortimer, and giving vent to the sigh which seemed to have disturbed him by its suppression, "had but our countrymen taken a lesson from the Philhellenes who

have been out to assist them, they would have held their heads up better now."

"Do you remember, brother," said Antonaki, interrupting him, "that dark young Capitano, who passed with his men through Arcadia twelve months gone by? He puts me in mind of the Signor yonder, but only was more slender in form."

"Peace be to his soul," said Nicolaki, "for he will die with the rest of them in the garri-son."

Mortimer, who had long before relapsed into his contemplative mood, thrust his head forwards as these words were uttered, and as they were concluded seemed to strive with unto-ward feelings.

"It cannot though be him," he said, half audibly, "or even if it should be, what can it benefit me to rankle a new sore by hearing further of one whom I can never see again?"

"And you know," continued Antonaki, taking no heed of the stranger's discomposure, "that when he had left us and mounted his

horse I told him he would soon be tired of our poor country, and would leave it ; when he swore by the light of Adriana's eyes that I should again see him." At the name of Adriana, Mortimer could contain his curiosity no longer, but, making an apology for his intrusion, joined in the conversation of the brothers.

"She loved him then, no doubt, this Adriana?" he asked, hastily. Nicolaki seemed rejoiced at the curiosity of the stranger being at length aroused. "And who could help it," he replied, "when he rode by with his foustanela black as the dirt, and his sarrukia wanting their soles, added to his burnished pistols and Damascus sabre, all shewing how he had toiled for us?" "But your Signoria," he added, "will find yourself no less beloved, for though in Zante your merits are overlooked, yet in my poor country all will press forwards to serve you." "Ah, brother!" rejoined Antonaki, emphatically, "we are poor now, and God does not love us, but if our house and wine vaults at Patras had still been spared to us, we might have shewn our gratitude to his Signoria."

Mortimer, although he could not divine in what manner this gratitude was due to him, made a suitable acknowledgment, nevertheless, for their professions. Nicolaki shrugged up his shoulders, and with a significant exclamation of *tee na carmen*, (³) to excuse his present inability, represented to Mortimer that his lodgings at the Locanda were wholly undeserving of his merit, and begged that a preference might be given to his own. Two powerful opponents struggled within Mortimer before he could answer this invitation : on the one hand his delicacy suggested to him an impropriety in becoming indebted to so utter a stranger ; while on the other, the few words he had heard mentioned of Adriana, whom he doubted not to be the same fair Moreote who had troubled him, added to an extreme aversion which he held for the Locanda, urged his inclination most forcibly not to refuse the chance thrown in the way of agreeably solving a mystery and obtaining repose for his person. Resolving, therefore, to accept the offer, he paid his reckoning, and packing up his trunks, accompanied

the well-satisfied Greeks towards their domicile. The younger, who was clad in long robes, took his arm, while the elder, who from having the worse head was held in less importance, preceded them at polite distance, shifting his posture at every yard, and waddling sideways like a crab, for fear lest he should give offence by turning his back upon Mylordo. They stopped at a little mean habitation, to which the extremity of a narrow street brought them, where Nicolaki besought Mortimer to ascend the first. This task was not a great one, for a small flight of stairs led him into a room furnished in a style half Greek half Italian, wherein was a canopy stretched on the ground, boasting neither of the softest nor most gaudy materials. But hard as the couch, and poor as the dwelling seemed, Mortimer contented himself with both to a marvel, feeling quite convinced that the appearance of the pretty Adriana would very soon console him for every thing. He had already fixed his eyes on a closed door, whence, as being the only one, he guessed she would issue, and was looking fearfully for the move-

ment of its hinge, when it was at length opened, and Adriana herself announced by the robed gentleman. But, alas ! his fondest hopes were disconcerted on her approach : the Adriana in question was the mistress of Nicolaki ; a simple good-natured countenance, with eyes which, though black and tolerably shining, scarcely justified the encomiums averred to have been passed on them, made up her climax of beauty. The door which began his confusion seemed destined not to restore him to peace, for out of it now poured the whole rabble who composed the members of this interesting family, to salute, in their language, which only confused him the more, the guest who had honoured them with his presence. The first who approached to pay her respects was the mother, a little shrivelled old lady, whose nose was powdered over with a quantity of very dry red-coloured snuff, bearing the name of Albanian. She stared full in the face of Mortimer, who had risen from respect to her age, teasing him for a long while on his good looks ; then taking him by the hand, she made him resume

beside her the posture which already had begun to agonize his limbs, recollecting at the same time, on a nearer view, how much he resembled her boy, who was killed long while since; as well as the great things which the Panogea had done for them, all which the gentleman in the long robe was most diligent in interpreting, fearful lest the very essence of her descriptions should not reach their guest. In fine, the old lady would have continued torturing Mortimer for an eternity without intermission, had not the third son, impatient of further restraint from paying homage to the guest, broken in upon her narration. This unhappy being, destined to be the drudge, on account of his being the youngest of the family, was gifted by nature with a certain humility of manners and appearance, which seemed fully to qualify him for that office: his body was misshapen, and his beetle brow drew the observation upon one solitary grey eye, which rendered him hideous as the Cyclops, albeit not so gigantic in stature or overbearing in mood. This deformity had no sooner paid his share of

homage to the hand of Mortimer, and stammered out his unintelligible welcome, than Nicolaki, who seemed undisputed master of all around, ordered him to procure the repast, and run through the broiling sun for Mylord's baggage. Soteri obeyed, and the old lady resumed her speech, inviting her guest's attention to accompany her through all the various scenes of her past life. Some thirty years were still left to be recounted, when, happily, the repast, well cooked and plentiful, was brought in by Antonaki and the *chère amie* of his brother. The crossing of the old lady, however, before she would suffer any one to partake of it, was almost of as long duration as were her stories. The next day was a feast: parties were betaking themselves to shady retreats, formed by the extensive orange groves in the vale and overlooking the sea, to dance and to make merry there. Nicolaki had already chosen his party, and Mortimer, who from being on his way to Greece, had been initiated in the mysteries of the nation, was requested to accompany him thither. In the cool of the morning they all left their

homes, and having purchased some of the bouquets which from full baskets on the beach were held out to them, they walked towards the place of sports. The sun, however, spite of their early departure, was scorching them on their arrival ; and what added still more to render the heat insufferable, were numerous blazing fires, kindled for the roasting of sheep, the property of parties on the vale, and in a small pretty cottage which stood near. The islanders, however, had got possession of this, so that Mortimer was fain to accompany his friends to the delicious orange grove, where under each tree sat a number of merry Moreotes engaged in some sport, while awaiting the spitted lamb. He had brought with him his guitar, and the repast in which he played his part was no sooner terminated than he pinched it for the diversion of those around him. As he struck its chords in favour of love, by way of compliment to the tastes of the female part of their assembly, an object in every way worthy of inspiring that passion appeared before him. It was a tall female, whose

form, exquisitely proportioned, was not hidden by the Moreote jubbee which sat on it: her raven hair floated down her back in a beautiful disorder; her eye was piercing, though tender, and melancholy sat upon her brow: sometimes, indeed, she would smile to the attendants who were with her, but in this expression it seemed as though her heart took no share, but rather that pride had made her force a gaiety at which inwardly she sickened. With a grace corresponsive to her form did this beautiful being move forwards towards a part more secluded, and more fitting for habits abstracted as seemed her's: a whisper followed her disappearance, whilst Mortimer, whose guitar was no longer remembered, inquired eagerly of Nicolaki, who she was? "Speak lower," said the other: "I will tell you when we are alone." Mortimer took the hint, but such an impression had her beauty made on him, that far from continuing his song, he did not even observe that others less sensitive than himself were commencing their rude dance: their mirth and motion, however, aroused him, and amongst the

female part which more particularly attracted his notice, he started on observing the true Adriana, laughing to excess, and enjoying herself with her companions. Her eyes, which she employed at times in taking a survey of the individuals about her, were not tardy in discovering Mortimer, on whom they rested a double space. She blushed a little as she withdrew them, recollecting, probably, the adventure of St. Spiridion, and when the dance was finished took her seat behind a tree, where, collecting her party of listeners, she began telling them stories about vampyres. Mortimer, who observed that her sisters were not with her, determined not to let pass the opportunity which offered, but quitting his party, placed himself near the same tree, behind Adriana. She was not unconscious of his retreat there, but aware that no other observed it, had the goodnature to content herself without imparting her perplexity to the rest, and to continue her tale unblushingly. Impatient, however, at being so near and yet so little heeded, Mortimer pressed her hand gently at

the moment when she was displaying its delicacy in affecting to adjust the long hair that flowed down her back : she started round, and he was beginning to disburden his memory of the pretty Greek sentences he had learnt, when the steps of one close by checked him in their delivery. It was the person whom he had twice seen before, muffled up in a black cloak, thrown over him with a sombre air. He stood for awhile, and fixed his eyes on Mortimer with that overbearing glance which made the latter forget every thing else in the strong wish of correcting it. Anxious to know who it was thus ever stood in his path and thwarted him in his fancies so unceremoniously, he rose hastily from his seat, and demanded of the stranger his business. The person questioned returned no response, but with one of those short, cold, selfish inclinations of the head which meant to say that he had mistaken the object of his walk, yet withal was too haughty to crave pardon, passed on with the same dull pace to the secluded spot whither the fair unknown had retired. Mortimer returned to his seat; but the young

Moreote, either peevish at his departure from it at a time which had promised so many agreeable things to be said to her, or because the hour was too far advanced for her longer tarrying, had gone with her party, and the tree near which they had reposed themselves was in the quiet possession of a set of good old dames. Vexed at the disappointment, Mortimer sought out his companions in no quiet mood, nor was it long before he perceived his host with the long robe in a state of spirits unusually elevated, engaged in conversation with another, and so charmed with his own rhetoric, as not to observe that he had overthrown the table. His disputant was a fat Zantiote, and by the cautiousness he observed in all his replies, and the extreme attention which he paid to every word that Nicolaki let escape him, seemed endeavouring to draw him into some snare. Nor were these conjectures unfounded. This gentleman had an office in the Lazaretto, an employment like that of a gaoler, though attended with greater emolument. He boasted much of his Venetian extraction, and in good faith had reason to do so,

are not heeded." The moon had risen and the stavromeno⁽⁵⁾ was crowded with groups of loungers, both islanders and Moreotes, enjoying the promenade afforded by it. Of these the female part were besieged by admirers, some attempting to gain notice by the songs of their country, others by whispers as they passed them on their beauty and gracefulness, which occasionally produced a smile. But these lighter sounds were ever and anon destined to be absorbed in the more boisterous rhetoric of the Frank residents, who would vent their abuse on the Moreote women for not paying more attention to men of their figure.

"How strange," said an elderly matron, as she passed Mortimer; "how extraordinary a mould is that in which God has formed these Franks! Their customs are just the reverse of what reason assigns to us; and because they cannot subject our spirits to the observance of them, they take every opportunity of persecuting us. They will to-night do us some mischief, because you have not smiled upon them as they passed."

"I cannot force a smile," answered her young protégée, "on one whom I do not like, and especially," she continued, "when they wish to extort it from me, by driving their dogs against my jubbee." The poor little girl was right; and Mortimer retired to his bed, heartily disgusted with the coxcombs who had disquieted her, feeling with the Moreote, that a woman has no interest in appearing amiable to the eyes of a man who is not so himself.

The morning was far advanced when Mortimer awoke. His dreams had been pleasing; but those of his poor host had been broken in upon betimes by two Zantiotes, who with large batons in their hands, had entered his door, and presenting their summons, conducted him to the *tribunale*. The old mother, who heard that the hope of her family was a captive, and who had no favourable opinion of this place and its judges, fell into hysterics on the first intimation. The mistress of Nicolaki had already torn off a considerable portion of her hair, in no wise thinking to behold her lover more. Soteri, the youngest brother, and the drudge, blubbered

like a great school-boy fresh from a flogging ; while Antonaki alone, who had more of the palicari breed about him, set out after Nicolaki and his officious guide, fully prepared (for whatever crime might be his detention) to swear that his brother had no hand in it. The whole of the family who remained assailed Mortimer, pressing for consolation, till the old woman, whose nerves, half destroyed at all times, were now worked into hypochondriacism, seized his arm, and accused him of the murder of her son ⁽⁶⁾. In vain did he protest to the contrary—in vain did the mistress intercede for him ; the matron still maintained her hold, and was preparing some further deed of violence, when, obliged in self defence to forget his gallantry, he threw her backwards on the canopy, and seizing his hat, ran out hastily into the street.

CHAPTER XIV.

Weep not for her, she is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise ;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow ;
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes.

Anon.

THE cannon had been heard playing incessantly from Missolonghi during the whole of the day. The Zantiotes, eager to satisfy their curiosity, though careless of what nature the result might be, were collected in numbers upon the Scipó, a large rock on the westernmost part of the island, whence was discernible the motion of the two hostile fleets in close engagement with each other. A movement was at length visible amongst the Greek squadron, which appeared to have suffered considerably. The Moreotes crossed themselves piously, and lifted up their voices to heaven, praying that the evil might be

averted which they dreaded to have befallen their countrymen. But no length of time was allowed for idle conjecture; already many of their ships were driving towards the port of Zante. One in particular was seen towing another astern in the form of a Turkish galley. A loud shout of joy was uttered by the Greeks, while the Turkish merchants, many of whom were there amongst the Zantiotes, shewed symptoms of consternation, for they doubted little but that the Greeks had been victorious. The Resident, however, whose disposition was thoroughly phlegmatic, and who cared nothing for the issue either way, sent off the Captain of the port to desire that the ships which approached should find anchorage elsewhere. It was blowing a fresh gale when the latter put out to warn them of these instructions. A boat from a Hydriote brig met him as he advanced, in which sat Kreazi. As there was contamination in her touch from not having undergone quarantine, he kept aloof at some distance, and hailed her. "Missolonghi has fallen," said Kreazi, "our masts are wounded, and all we

ask is to repair them." "Impossible!" answered Ladroni, who was a Neapolitan, motioning him with his hand to keep his distance, and interrogating him at the same time with the utmost *sang froid* of how and when the garrison had surrendered.

"Dog of a Frank!" said Kreazi, rising up, half choked with rage, "is it to you that I am to recount our fate, only that you may insult us in our misfortunes?" By this time three boats dashed past the bows of Ladroni; in vain were threats, persuasions, and remonstrances, made use of to deter them—for they were Greeks; and regardless of quarantine law, the Captain of the port, or the Resident, they approached the bark of the Hellenes, and filling it with provisions and medicine, inquired eagerly after the fate of their beloved countrymen. "My friends," replied Kreazi, "all is now over; our wives and children have perished, and the hopes of our country are cut off with them."

A sensation of horror was manifested by a deep groan, which burst forth from the barks of the inquirers. "Has Missolonghi surren-

dered then? Are the garrison slaughtered?" was eagerly demanded by each. "No!" rejoined Kreazi, with a look of exultation; "the Suliotes have been as good as their word; Missolonghi 'tis true has fallen, but she has fallen as nobly as she fought. On Ibrahim's arrival before her walls, trusting in his skill and power, he sent away Cutyhi Pasha, and with six thousand, men commenced singly his operations; but finding at length that all his efforts were vain, and that his army were falling every day from their cold position on the marshes, as well as from the vigorous sallies made by the garrison, he recalled Cutyhi, with his twelve thousand, from Anatoli. The garrison, destitute of provisions, were looking out in fond hopes of our relieving them. This might have been, had the Spezziotes remained faithful, or had the government been changed; but, thanks to them, our fleet was a day too late. Ibrahim had sent to the Suliotes meanwhile, offering them, should they surrender, not only a free pass with every thing they possessed to where they would, but likewise to each captain a purse

of a thousand, and each soldier of a hundred piastres. To these offers he added his full persuasion of their inability to resist a week longer from want of provisions, and that Topal kept too good a watch to allow of their being supplied. The garrison sent back the messenger with the following reply: "Tell Ibrahim that he is deceived, for our provisions will maintain us a month longer, and when these fail us we have our horses and our mules. Should we not then be supplied, we will eat our wives and children and destroy ourselves, and afterwards you may enter the town over our bodies." Disconcerted by the perseverance of his enemies, Ibrahim had still recourse to persuasion, when they hung the keys of the garrison on the mouth of a cannon, telling him to take them from thence. They were feeding now upon their last mule, and waiting for our fleet with all the agony of suspense. We came at length; but with twenty small brigs how could we force the blockade of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets united?

Reduced to despair, the chiefs called a so-

lemn council of war, and fixed their last horrible resolve, sending first to Cariskaki, who with his troops lay on the easternmost side, to warn him of their intentions: they then received communion of the old bishop, who placed himself with the women and children, who were all blown up by mutual consent, preferring to meet their husbands in heaven to sharing the harem of their oppressors. No sooner had they put this maddening deed in practice, than setting fire to their whole town, and spiking their guns, they rushed out, sabre in hand, like bloodhounds, full upon the army of the Egyptian, (one division of which was already being attacked by Cariskaki :) and Ibrahim seeing the fury of the Suliotes bent upon destruction, motioned his Arabs to make a passage for them, while he entered "the town of slaughter."

Kreazi thus finished his account of the siege, and pulled away from the inhospitable shore. The Greeks, struggling with a thousand different emotions, forgot for a moment that here they were absolute slaves, and looked round

for Ladroni, on whom to wreak the fury of their passions : but the captain of the port, justly anticipating from the nature of the intelligence the feelings that would follow it, had left them to their sorrow, and made the best way towards head-quarters, determined on ruining those who had disobeyed him. The Greek fleet now passed successively before the mouth of the harbour, bearing marks of the fight it had sustained. The galley which had given hope to those on the Scopó, had been taken from the enemy, and was being towed by the Epaminondas. Several small mysticos, filled with fugitives from the garrison, were pushing towards the beach : in one of them, his hands crossed upon his breast, and gasping as though to catch the air, which encircled without refreshing him, lay Burley. By his side sat Staunton, the man whom he had so deeply injured, watching his every look, to see whether penitence might lurk there, and pointing towards heaven, in anxiety to make his hopes repose on high. But the wild adventurer heeded him not, and with the little strength remaining tried to withdraw his head from the

breast on which it lay, not to be beholden to his guardian ; but his force sufficed only to move it gently, and then with a groan which burst from him involuntarily, he sank still more heavily upon it in death. The adventurer had not hoped to expire so soon, for his plans in Greece were only budding. Having procured the office of engineer, he had gone to Missolonghi with the fleet, when they first attempted to force the blockade. The fleet failed, however, and Burley caught the fever. Undaunted by his illness, he made a second attempt, and wading to the neck in mud during the dead of night, contrived to force his way within the walls, but not to act; for now, rendered motionless from disease, at the sortie he must have been destroyed with the women, had not Staunton, who was outside with Cariskaki, heard of his danger, and borne him in his arms, through the fire of a thousand musketry, to the brig which conveyed him to Zante, just time enough to expire.

Another boat approached ; its numbers were scantier, though apparently more famished, than those in the other, for the guardiani with their

long poles and loud menaces, had great difficulty in repressing a too close invasion of it towards the shore. On its stern sat a man whose features, dark and pensive, seemed humanized by sorrow, supporting on his arm a little child, who answered to his caresses by weaving into knots the long black hair which streamed down his shoulders. A boy of five or six years old sat by his side, whose hand, which he had scorched in firing a cannon at the enemy, was tied up in a sling; but this latter, as though old enough to take care of himself, shared none of the attentions of his father, which were divided between the infant and the wife,—a woman, young, and delicately framed, beautiful and so susceptible withal, that though a raging fever sat upon her, and her body was tortured by suffering, she would repress the fond sad glance cast on her by her husband, with a smile so sweet as though she had anticipated, while dissolution was only hanging over her, the angelic spirit which would be her's, after its approach. The very palicari in the same boat, wild as they were, and unused to sorrowing, forgot their stoicism

for the moment, so impressive was the scene before them. What added still more to the sentiment of pity diffused throughout, this man, though tattered now and sad in heart, had been a chief amongst them; and though his soldiers were destroyed, his brow gave signs that he still could hold command. Amongst his companions in flight, there was one who appeared fully to participate in the distress of the sorrowing chieftain: he had with him a few *stratioti*, which guard seemed useful, for loud murmurs were often raised against him at his having made so free with the scanty portion of water which he had borne, out of all consideration to right, for the use of the interesting invalid. But the young Capitano, moved by her delicate state and her softness of expression, cared little for all the frowns he encountered, so long as they were the price of his ministry. The hour sounded at length when it is permitted for the *sporcati*, or those contaminated by the air of any other part, to range themselves one by one before the bars of the *Parlatore*, and there, if they have the lungs to

be heard, amidst the bawling in concert of a hundred voices, in almost as many different languages, to tell what they want, should any even then choose to supply them. The young Capitano, who had guaranteed to provide for the wants of his patient and her husband, stepped out the first.

Amidst the number assembled at the barriers, one came forwards, and addressing him by the name of Capitan Nastuli, supplied forthwith his wants. On returning to the boat, his eyes encountered the stern figure of Staunton, busied in performing the last offices to his departed countryman. Nastuli started as though a vision had been before him. He would have gone towards him—have questioned, nay, once more have embraced him; but when his mind recurred to their last meeting, and he reflected how cold and repulsive it had been, his pride rushed to his aid, and fearful lest his emotions should betray him, he ordered the boatmen to give way with all their might for the Lazaretto, whither he had succeeded in procuring an order for admission both for him-

self and the Governor of Vasilathi,⁽¹⁾ the sorrowing chieftain, his companion. The latter pressed his hand warmly, in acknowledgment for the destination he had procured him; "for his wife could ill resist, in her weak state," he said, "the influence of the night dews, and confinement of the small boat." She too seemed restored at the thoughts of a change, and her eyes, with returning lustre, beamed gratefully upon Nastuli. The young Capitano was not insensible to the expressions of either, but felt them more than he would have done a myriad of words; for both seemed so happy as they made them, and the very silence of their emotions marked so undeniably the sincerity of their hearts. The invalid raised her head, and laid it on the arm half proffered, half accidentally placed near, of the young Capitano. She felt too thankful for his attentions to fear the world in acknowledging herself to be so, and she pressed his hand, and smiled on him fondly, as he tended her. On their approach to the stairs, however, her smile became more languid, and her pulse throbbed more faintly. It

seemed that the appearance of the guardians on the beach, laughing rudely, and wrangling with each other, had destroyed by their coarseness her placidity, and recalled her susceptible mind to a full sense of her own state, and that of those whom she loved, for the moisture glistened on her long dark eyelash, and her thin lips, which had before begun to resume their native dye, increased in paleness as she heard their revelry. Alarmed at these signs, Nastuli called to them the attention of the husband. The poor man hung over her fondly, pressed his lips first upon her's, then with them kissed away the tear which had started in her eyes, without relieving her. He would not think she could be worse, for he adored her, and calling her by her name of Anastasina, bade her look up and bless him. His voice aroused her, and to his inexpressible joy she leant upon his arm. Nastuli assisted, and they bore her on the beach. But Anastasina knew her signal for departure. Her face was turned towards Missolonghi, whose desolate site was displayed to view by the sunniness of the day, and as her eye mused on it, an illusion seemed

creeping over her senses, for her features took a wild and wandering turn, till, with a strength which she had never known before, she raised up her full form, lifting her hands and supplicating eyes towards heaven. But it was only momentary—strength fled her the next instant; and turning gently towards her husband, she kissed him lightly on the forehead, fell on his breast, and died.

As no interest could be gained by pity, the guardiani shewed none, but bringing a large mat, as though a dog had been destroyed, they thrust it out at the length of their poles for her gentle form to repose on. Papa Luca, the governor, kissed it fondly, as it remained in his arms, but still had hopes that the spirit was not gone from it. But when he saw that death had really been at work there, when the closed eye refused to look on him, and the stiffened hand to return him the pressure bestowed on it, he seemed himself like a corpse, so fixed did his stare become.

The little child was in the arms of Cashimir, and stretched out his hands towards his mother;

but the elder boy knew well that she could never more answer to caresses, for he had seen many fall at Vasilathi, and was not to be deceived in the form of death: running towards her he hung on her breast, making the sign of the cross upon it, then stifling his sobs returned to his little brother, and seemed to give all his care to him. Nastuli, though scarcely less tortured by the bitterness of the scene, had yet some composure left him, and advancing towards Papa Luca, entreated him to retire. "What, leave her with men!" he exclaimed; "that would be unkind indeed." "Your wife is gone from you for ever," said Nastuli, perceiving that he raved; "leave her then for burial, in hopes that her soul has already taken its flight above, and think of your children, who now are all to you."

"Child that I am myself," answered Papa Luca, "I am not wont to be thus overcome. Guardiani, take and bury her, and don't let me behold her more, for the sight of her unmans me." The poor Greek summoned all his philosophy to his aid, and suffered himself to be

led by Nastuli towards the small den allotted to them for performing quarantine. The little boy, and Cashimir with the child, followed their steps, and she who an hour ago had smiled so expressively, was laid in the damp earth by strangers !

It was in the Lazaretto that Nastuli first felt the preciousness of liberty. Even in his solitary rambles he was obliged to submit to the companionship of an extortionate guardiano, who, with a large rod, would keep him like a beast at bay from mankind. If he touched a stone, all would run from it ; and the terror of his presence never ceased until the hour arrived for being locked up in his cell. Nor was he there even allowed to be in peace. A French merchant, who was confined in a small division next to him, and who was a Turkish provisionist to boot, would entertain with a loud voice, in imitation of the Muezzim, a host of listeners through the bars, with the biography of all the Pashas and Agas with whom he had been intimate, not forgetting to introduce himself and his exploits from the moment of his birth. This

eternal talker had gained over to him the attention and the wonder of all save Nastuli and Papa Luca; and was nevertheless sanguine enough to hope that they too would become converts, could he only tempt them to be partakers in the punch of which he drank large quantities, and piqued himself on being second to none in composing. So far he succeeded. One unlucky night, however, Missolonghi and its fate were brought upon the tapis. As his services were known to have been employed by Ibrahim, and his own attendance at the Turkish camp was not the more a secret, Papa Luca could restrain himself no longer, but dashed the bowl in the face of the terrified contractor, and would have destroyed him entirely, had not the guardians interposed to rescue him. The suite of this accident was fatal to the Frenchman. His quarantine, which before he had been boasting of having well nigh performed, was protracted for the further space of three weeks, on account of his contact with the Greek. His dignity, which had been dreadfully compromised, would not have given him half the

pain, and he arose from his seat, cursing the day and the hour in which he had attempted to reclaim two such wild Arnacoots as Papa Luca and Nastuli. In a short time his story was circulated throughout Zante, and being a man of might, numbers daily flocked from the town to enquire after and condole with him, and all returned, fully bent upon destroying the reputations, if not the peace, of the authors of his misfortune.

Mortimer meanwhile, who had taken flight from the phrenzy of the old matron his hostess, found himself in the grand piazza before he could breathe freely: when at length composed, he reflected seriously on the troubles to which a further residence amongst his good friends would, in all probability, continue to subject him, and began earnestly revolving on the means of liberating his captive host, expressing his thanks, and parting. A Zantiote at length, who had contrived to insinuate himself into his acquaintanceship, approached him while he wandered, and marking that time sat but heavily on Milordo, invited him to follow.

his steps, where he would be amused. Mortimer, who, like others, had curiosity, allowed himself to be conducted to a house whence issued some notes of music and a confused sound of voices. It was a Greek marriage, and the ceremony had just begun. On a large table were placed three huge wax candles, borrowed for the occasion from Saint Di; a loaf of bread, and a jug of wine stood beside them, over which the Papas more especially presided. The couple who were to be united took their stations at the bottom of this table; a crown of flowers was placed on the head of each, and a white silk scarf was thrown lightly over them, as a symbol of connexion, the two ends of it held by a female standing behind them, and acting as bridemaids. The appearance of a Frank amidst these sacred rites puzzled the comprehension of the assembly to guess its import; all, except the bride, turned their eyes on him; but hearing he was a Milordo, the ceremony was suspended for a moment, while they begged him to become *gambros*, an office of high honour, which consists in holding a wax candle, following the motions of the bridemaids, and

finally slipping a dollar into the priest's hand on the conclusion of the ceremony. Accepting the proposal, Mortimer took the candle allotted to him from the hands of the small sacristan who attended, while the Papas continued the service.

The bride now, for the first time, turned her head towards the newly initiated ; but on discovering the features of Adriana, Mortimer forgot the importance of his office, and suffered his taper to flicker, and throw its wax over the gaudy robes of the unhappy spectators near him. She too was confused, although without reason ; for no vows had been plighted, no confession made, hardly a word exchanged between them ; yet she was young, and pretty, and susceptible, and a woman with these three attributes of love cannot be wholly indifferent to a sensation which she is conscious to have excited in another : but Mortimer's mood soon past, and vanquishing his first selfish feeling, he bestowed the prescribed salute on the brow of the young bride, with the pure fraternal feeling requisite for the occasion.

CHAPTER XV.

Proceed, in forceful sounds and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse.

Collins.

THE ceremony finished, and congratulations made, the sherbet and café were handed round, and the bride and bridegroom were sitting back to back (¹), as unsociably as could be, entertaining, in a semi-circle about each of them, the guest of their own sex, when the same stranger who had crossed Mortimer so often left his station amongst the crowd, with which he had mingled hitherto unobserved, and passing Adriana as he retired, looked on her and sighed bitterly. Murmurs spread rapidly through the assembly; opinions were past from

one to the other—then conjured into facts—till a visible consternation seized the whole, and loud wranglings arose, particularly amongst the female part. “Did you not observe him standing behind Adriana?” said one of them. “And the string closely knotted in his hands?” said another. One went so far as to maintain that she had heard him make use of the mystic words. The bridegroom, at this intimation, could contain his fears no longer, but threw himself back upon the canopy. “You have no reason to despond,” said a grave old man, consoling him, “if you are sure that this black-robed stranger never received any thing from your hands, for then the spell cannot operate.” The husband assured him that he had never before looked upon the being, and that even now he had intruded himself uninvited. “Compose yourself, then, my son,” rejoined the old Greek, “and let us have the Papas, who will destroy any evil that could have been devised against you.” The Papas, who had not yet left the room, was entreated to use his interest, and being well inclined towards the whole, from

having been paid more than his usual, he re-lighted the candles, and opening once again his holy book, anathematised the intender of evil, should such a one exist, and invoking Saint Nicola to remove any calamity, restored peace of mind to the party. Mortimer, who had been a silent spectator of all these various impulses, though not an uninterested one, could restrain his curiosity no longer; but taking Spiridion, the Zantiote who accompanied him, by the arm, he drew him aside from the rest, and begged him briefly to explain what all this meant. Spiridion smiled as he answered him. "It is an old superstition which the people have," he said, "not only in Zante, but likewise throughout the Morea: they imagine, that if a woman should have captivated the fancy of any one, and then be married to another, there is still left to her former admirer a means of revenge. Contriving an intimacy with her intended, he procures from him some trifling present, such as a lock of hair, a button, or a coin, which taken to an astrologer, who likewise has the fame of being a cognoscente on the subject, is tied by

him to a piece of string, which he draws into knots while standing behind the couple, uttering his forcible anathema during the operation. This they believe to have power to render impotent the husband, and hence has arisen the terror of which you have been witness, and had not the Papas been near to undo the spell, I doubt not but the husband would really have been rendered as he feared, from his extreme anxiety and apprehension."

Mortimer laughed heartily as Spiridion explained the mystery, and now referred to him for information on the stranger with the black mantle; but the Zantiote at this inquiry shrugged up his shoulders, in confession that his knowledge did not extend so far, observing, only by way of reply, that this mysterious being was held by every one in a kind of awe from the taciturnity of his habits as well as from the circumstance of his appearance being generally found connected with some ill-fated event. As none now remained with the newly united, save some few of the oldest and most sage of the assembly, Mortimer, who could not class himself with

this number, approached Adriana, and taking her hand, wished her all the happiness that her new state could be fraught with. She smiled on perceiving the proficiency he had already made in the *language* of her country, and invited him likewise to conform himself to the *manners* of it, by repeating his visits, which the office of gambros sanctioned. He then quitted the apartment, and returning with Spiridion into the street, a new perplexity assailed his brain. This was no other than an incertitude of where his head should be lain that night. To the inn which he had quitted so precipitately he vowed solemnly never to return, and beyond this he saw no alternative. Thus perplexed, and the hour drawing late, Mortimer was fain at length to consult Spiridion, who, like a true Zantiote, held it as a principle of duty to remain by his side, after having once introduced himself. No sooner was the case put to the judgment of the latter, than he followed it by a thousand questions, wishing to know why Mortimer had left the house of Nicolaki? what meats he had been used to feed

on there? and many other demands, implying an ardent desire to collect some matter for scandal, previous to satisfying the impatient enquirer. The first question, however, was repeated with a tone which did not admit of evasion. "There is a house at a small village near the castle," replied Spiridion at length, "and many Milordos have been there. It is large and clean, and just deserted by its tenant, with good air, cold water, and plenty of lacana about it." (2) This information was quite enough for Mortimer; and so anxious did he feel to profit by it immediately, that he requested permission of his informer to leave him for just so long a space as would suffice to find his servant, (an Englishman, whom Mortimer had sent for from Corfú), and dispatch him with his baggage to the village. This fellow for a long time baffled the search of his master, who at last discovered him, dancing in high glee, amidst a party of Corfiotes just arrived, trying what mirth could be gleaned from the island. So drunk was he when Mortimer approached him that he could hardly hear, much less comprehend, the sum-

mons given, till finding him too deficient of faculty to discern rightly, and impatient at the fellow's uselessly detaining him, he seized his ear, and pointing towards the village near the castle, warned him to be there with his baggage on the morning, or to cross the water to where he would, himself ascending at the same time the path which had been pointed out to him. It vexed him to think that the night was coming on quickly, and that darkness must be his only companion over a road dreary and unknown to him, merely because his rogue of a servant had thought fit to enjoy himself. Nor was Mortimer wrong in these surmises, for in a short time the only object remaining visible was the white chalky cliffs before him. There was no other cheering object in his path, and the different lights plainly seen shining in the town below, with the high hill which he had yet to mount, assured him that he had only arrived a short way towards his destination. The certainty, however, of having no other resource left him for a night's rest, together with a shame of yielding in what he had once undertaken,

lerable mood by singing a stave, (the subject of which was unknown to himself), as long and unharmonious as an Albanian one. It gained, however, so much upon his fancy, while he proceeded with it, as to claim more attention than the road, from which he found at length that he had deviated, by the obstructions presented to his footing of rocks and quarries, which he was fain to stumble over, or to blunder through, as his sight or his discretion would permit him. At length, to his satisfaction, he began to trace the path he had strayed from by the chalky marks so abundant on it, and was exulting in his success, when the earth gave way beneath him, and he sank deep and headlong into the hollow which it formed. Stunned by the fall, it was some time before he could sufficiently recover his senses to look around him, or judge of his situation, and when at length he was enabled to do so, the prospect was no more gratifying than he had anticipated, destiny having brought him into a steep dry moat, from which he endeavoured to extricate himself in vain. Spite of his situation, however, he contrived to enjoy a

interrupted this interesting scrutiny again and again by repeating his demands, which he endeavoured each time to render more intelligible. At length the old woman heeded him: "Effen-di," she said, in a language rather of signs than words, "wait until Themistocles⁽⁴⁾ comes in, and then he shall conduct you to the house you seek." Mortimer started as from a dream: his imagination became heated, and he sat silently on his low stool, endeavouring to form some idea of the lofty-sounding personage who was to enter, when his high dreams vanished suddenly, and his expectations dissolved themselves, on the entrance of a little ragged and distorted urchin, blubbering as though fresh from a flogging, and swearing at the beard of the Papas who had inflicted it upon him, whose presence personified the expected hero.

"Themistocles," said the fond mother, slipping into his hand a piece of coarse bread, "run and shew Milordo the house of Cleondariti." "And what am I to get for it?" answered the boy, still blubbering and turning his

swollen eyes on Mortimer, to see of what stuff he was woven. "Parades, my fine little fellow," answered the latter, well knowing by its frequency the import of this demand. The modern Themistocles became reconciled to the stranger, and drying up his tears, ran before him with alacrity; and tapping at the door of Cleondariti, it was opened in a moment by Spiridion, the Zantiote, who had forgotten to give Mortimer more suitable directions on the preceding day. He had been there some time, and was waiting for his café with Mortimer. The latter, however, reserved the account of his adventures, well knowing, if disclosed, the world of scandal it would create; and paying Themistocles for his pains, threw himself on a very tolerable couch which stood in the room, and looking out through the open casement on the fine situation which his abode occupied, felt soon as well composed as though no dry moat had been his resting place, nor the tomb of a murdered man his prospect.

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village as rapidly and universally as an unchecked flame; and its habitants, (that is, the most distinguished of them, comprised of the Papades and some other Thithaskali)⁽⁵⁾, not to be backward in welcoming him, already invaded his quarters. As, however, it was caresima⁽⁶⁾ with them, and dinner-time with Mortimer, the latter found little justice done to his repast, of which he had invited them to partake from politeness. Even Spiridion, though not pretending in general to the scrupulous order of those who neglect flesh from any reverence to the saints, was now, awed by their presence and fearing their anathema, obliged to abstain from it. These pious men, however, though they ate of the herbs only, were profuse in their compliments, and assured Spiridion, by whose interpretation they knew it would lose nothing, of their extreme devotion towards Mortimer, and of many other things equally flattering to his ear.

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gaining, as appeared, attention, by a very pretty figure seated near it. Mortimer, who had an extreme curiosity to look on the fair sex when such was possible, forgot the interpretation which the Zantiote was making him, and turned his eyes towards the quarter whence was emitted the glare; but the occupant of the casement had retired, having wished only to excite admiration without giving time to fix it.

When the Papades left the house, Spiridion, who was determined to stay, informed Mortimer that the lady whom he had looked on was betrothed, and that consequently being a thing sacred, must not be gazed at by another. This observation reminded Mortimer of Adriana, to whom he had given the promise of paying a visit, to congratulate or condole with her, as might best suit the new state she had adopted. He determined, therefore, to make it good: his hopes likewise began to revive, on the probability of finding the poor Moreote prisoner, and his knave of a servant, of whose fates he was altogether ignorant.

Adriana, with all the bashfulness of a young bride, met his compliments on her appearance. The house was not the same as that in which the ceremony had taken place, but larger and more agreeably situated, belonging to the husband, who, full of tenderness towards the Moreote whom he had espoused, had brought thither her sisters and her mother to partake of his happiness, which he just then imagined would be as lasting as it was intoxicating—an error pardonable on account of his youth.

On leaving them to their dreams, an unusual crowd and disturbance in the street excited his observation; a man with a robe was holding loud dispute with another in an ordinary Frank dress, using towards him alternately the Greek, Italian, and Turkish languages,—all equally unintelligible, nevertheless, to his antagonist, who roared out his John Bull sentences, many of which were cloaked in very unseemly guise. The poor man with the robe became exhausted: his hat had been thrown from his head, his gown itself was split through the middle, and

his whole figure was an emblem of such perfect despair that Mortimer wished he had erred as he recognized in him the features of Nicolaki, his captive host. The other was Giuseppe, his servant, whose name had Italianized itself during his travels. The appearance of his master had an instantaneous effect on both, for the loud wrangler drooped his head and became altogether crestfallen, while the injured Moreote clung to his neck, and with his weight and his affection combined, well nigh succeeded in overthrowing him.

"You have rescued me from death, Effendi," said the poor man; "for that Frank would have killed me had you not approached."

Mortimer made no reply; but turning to his servant, whose natural impudence was restored, asked him, by a look expressive of surprise and indignation, "whence came all this?"

"Your honour," said the fellow, unblushingly, "needs not be so hard with one; all that's done has been done in your service." "What, to

attempt the life of one to whom I am indebted, and who has never injured you?" enquired his master. "If you will listen to me," returned the man, "as I am a sinner, I will tell you all. On waking up this morning, and not finding your honour, I searched the town all over, but with no better luck; so I go to the house of this here Greek with whom you were staying, and find him gone, and all the rest quarrelling there; when I asked them, says I, where's my master? they all stared at me, and answered nothing, which I thought to be the sign of a guilty conscience. Going away again, I met a man who answered me in my lingo, and he told me you were gone up the rock, where all the Milordos lived; so I went up there, and found many fiddling and dancing together, but your honour was'nt amongst them: as I returned, giving you up for gone, I met this very man, and when I asked him where you was, he only palavered away, and tried to hide the question; so thinking that he'd murdered you, and maybe thrown you into the sea, I began

to belabour him, as your honour found. But howsomever," added the fellow, looking for the effect of his account on the face of his master, "now that I sees you, and you live, I am sorry to have touched the man." "Villain," exclaimed Mortimer, whose wrath was somewhat softened by the ignorance of Giuseppe, "Ask forgiveness of this man upon your knees, or prepare to cross the water by yourself."

Giuseppe was shrewd, and preferring the former alternative to the latter, was about to make the concession insisted on, when the poor Greek revolted in disdain. "Kneel to your God," he said, "and not to me, who am but a beast like yourself." As he spoke he seemed to be striving with feelings that needed only liberation from the man's brutality to enable him to indulge in, but paramount in their nature to any feeling of pride which could result from the abasement of his injurer. "Effendi," said he to Mortimer, as soon as Giuseppe had retired apart, "God pardon my old mother, and the rest of them, for the slight they put upon you

after my departure. Accompany me then again, I pray you, and think no more of what has happened, but forgive it, for their reason has returned to them now." Though Mortimer would not actually refuse to comply with this entreaty, he nevertheless internally resolved no more to betake himself to the quarters preferred: he changed the theme, therefore, and questioned Nicolaki as to his captivity. The Moreote replied, "that Daloni, as he had suspected, was the occasion of it; that the argument into which on that unlucky night his wiliness had forced him, was made use of as the cause for his detention. His brother Antonaki, merely for attempting to defend him, had shared the same fate with himself, and his mother was now expiring from the affection which her nerves had received on the intelligence." To this information Nicolaki added so many pressing entreaties that Mortimer would condescend again to look upon her, and assure him of the treatment he had received from her having been forgiven, that he was fain at

length to consent to a momentary visit, and suffered himself to be reconducted into the apartment from which he had hurried so precipitately.

CHAPTER XVI.

And some there were who shuddering said,
He held communion with the dead,
Deep in the midnight glen.

Fragment.

THE old lady was now distended on her canopy, her face in reality much wanner than when she had amused Mortimer with so many stories about her youth, and her tongue quite idle, save in pious ejaculations. As Mortimer approached her, she held out her hand to him, and implored pardon for the violences she had used. Antonaki, the hero of the family, sat in moody silence near the casement, curling up his mustachios to a two-fold size, and brooding so deeply over his injuries as hardly to observe the arrival of their former guest. The countenances and manners of the whole group were indeed so gloomy and taciturn, that Mortimer sought with all his

powers permission to retire, inviting Nicolaki at the same time to exchange, by accompanying him to Boccali, the visit which himself had already paid. Nicolaki, however, had been intriguing against his guest's departure, and had sent out Soteri the drudge, who now returned with a double portion of meat, which they absolutely forced him to partake of. The old mother too, who looked as though death had already taken hold of her, and whose entreaties were thereby rendered more impressive, seized hold of him with her shrivelled hand, and pulled him down towards the trencher. Thus forced into compliance, Mortimer became melancholy as the rest, and was striving in vain to procure an appetite, when Giuseppe, his servant, rushed unceremoniously into the room, groaning as though a spirit possessed him. "Your honour," exclaimed the man, hurrying towards Mortimer, "this place is certainly enchanted. As I went out to take a stroll, and was thinking on what like of a part I had got into, I found myself all of a sudden in a strange place: when I was thinking which way to go, I saw a person hang-

ing in chains upon a gibbet, and having a curiosity for such sights, I went towards it, and guess, your honour, what I saw next?"

"What did you see then?" asked Mortimer.

"Only guess, your honour, for I'm afeard to tell you," repeated Giuseppe.

"I will not guess, you rascal," rejoined Mortimer, impatient at the tediousness of his varlet.

"Well then," said Giuseppe, "the very same whom you have been hunting for all along,—not in substance either but his ghost, looking so melancholy that he'd like to have melted my heart, and dressed for all the world like a wild robber, and not a Christian; with a great, tall, grim-looking fellow, a spectre too, by his side, wrapped in a black cloak. Well, your honour, so when they saw me they looked just as though they'd seen the devil, and black mantle covered his head."

"And what did you do then?" interrupted Mortimer, who imagined all this to be either a premeditated lie, or else the wild ravings of the fellow's fancy.

"Do!" answered Giuseppe with a stare ;
"why run ; what can I do with spirits?"

"Go, dream yourself to your senses, you idiot," said Mortimer, "and seek not to scare yourself or others by such wild tales as these."

"Your honour may be in the right," rejoined the fellow, no ways persuaded ; "but I'll take my bible oath of what I have seen ; and what's more, the devil himself should not tempt me to return the same way."

Having uttered this resolution, and perceiving his master as incredulous as ever, he retired, muttering his creed audibly, and with emphatic gestures. Mortimer likewise withdrew, for it was now late, and the bed was prepared for him, on which he threw himself, with the most horrible apprehensions for his night's rest ; nor in these was he mistaken. The musquitoes, from whose stings he had fled for a while, now seemed resolved to punish him for his desertion, and swarmed about him, an increased population. The rats seemed to have grown larger since he left their haunts, and cer-

tainly had become more importunate; for they jumped upon his bed without consulting in the least his feelings of repugnance for their tribe, and welcomed him by trampling over his person. Add to the evils already described, the rain was pouring down in cataracts, the thunder became louder at each clap, and his clothes were being drenched by the water oozing in through the open casement, considering it less of an evil to be drenched than to be suffocated. Sleep being thus denied to him, a long train of thoughts, unconnected and inexplicable, chased each other over his mind.

As long as these visions were vague and unconnected with any point of interest, they were no penalty for him to bear, since the sweet as well as the bitter was intermingled with them; but as the storm increased, these were exchanged in their nature. He bethought him of those exposed to it outside, and from thence, by a chain of incidental ideas, his mind was dragged upon the gibbet, and the whole relation of Giuseppe took its turn there. Mortimer now found that when left under the dominion

of our fancy, we are led to imagine other things than we do when she gives us scope. "It might be," uttered he, wishing only to express the thought internally, "it might be the very same. Events totally beyond the power of accounting for, not the less hold their place. But then in Zante, and I be ignorant of his presence, when his appearance amongst the islanders would have been buzzed about as though he were fresh from resurrection! Reason condemns the supposition, but still it may be true. These arguments which he held so socially with his fancy were broken in upon by a burst of thunder louder than any he had heard before. His door at the same moment flew open, and an appearance more like a spirit than an earthly being staggered into his apartment, and crossing itself often and devoutly, without heeding Mortimer made its way towards the image of the Virgin and the saints suspended at the foot of his bed, and saluting them with its shrivelled lips, trimmed the flickering taper placed there for their homage. Its light shewed the features of the apparition as she finished

her prostrations—it was the old dame of the mansion ; but so dreadfully pale and emaciated, her eyes so sunken and vacant, that even after the first surprise had passed him, Mortimer felt a secret awe, which prevented him from uttering to her a syllable. The old woman muttered over again and again her *kerie eleison*, with such a tone and in such a manner as though it had been said for the repose of her own soul, and afterwards retired from the room with the same pace and inattention to its inmate with which she first had entered it. The senses of Mortimer became clouded on her retreat. His first thoughts prompted him to alarm the household for information as to this encroachment, whether made by a spirit or by a sleeper ; but at length his compassion for those who might now be in the envied state of the latter prevented his intentions, and he decided to wait patiently until the morrow, when on the first dawn, spite of all intreaties and remonstrances, he would quit an abode where spells and exorcisms appeared to weave their chain for the

spirit, as well as mosquitoes, rats, and insects of all kinds, for the frame.

Though sleep was utterly denied to him, and the rolling of the hours seemed never-ending, morning nevertheless made its appearance in due time through the lattice. He left his comfortable couch, happy to escape from it, and having finished his toilet entered the family room, where he observed with surprise that the old lady was not on the seat she had used to occupy, and that an unusual cloud of melancholy sat on the brows of all. "She is making her account with God," was the reply which Mortimer received to his inquiry about her. This intelligence shocked him, for besides being so sudden, it brought strongly to his mind the scene of the preceding night. The priests, who had been in the chamber administering to the old lady the last offices of her religion, now entered, and announced them to be no longer necessary. A loud shriek from the assembly followed this intimation, which was succeeded by a chorus from the wailers, both hired and

voluntary, of such a dismal nature that Mortimer remained perfectly at a loss in what way to comport himself before them. The offices of the defunct, however, were speedily administered, for in a few seconds she was borne through the apartment, her arms folded across her breast, and the image of the Virgin likewise placed over it. The mistress of Nicolaki and his youngest brother were the only two who attended her remains to the place assigned for them. The host with the robe, and Antonaki, whose resentment drove away grief, staid with Mortimer, and the moment that the priests had gone out of hearing with the corpse concluded their mournful ditty, and talked with great philosophy on the subject which called it forth. When their discourse was concluded, they clad themselves in the most tattered clothes that they possessed for the sake of mourning decently, and then smoked their pipes with serenity, as though nothing material had occurred. Mortimer availing himself of their composure, bade adieu to them, with all necessary condolences,

determined never more to submit himself to torment in such an abode.

The term of Nastuli's captivity meanwhile had expired, and free from the penance of the Lazaretto he became at liberty to roam where he would. Yet this island, in which he had once passed his days so merrily, was a desert to him rather than a flower at present; not an object, but whilst it recalled some bright remembrance, showed that it had lost for him its bloom. Nature was lovely as ever; the orange groves and vineyards were as luxuriant and formed an object as picturesque as before, but not to his eye: then these were a charming novelty to a young imagination; at present they only formed a sad contrast to a spirit broken and subdued. Nastuli regretted that his heart would not cease to feel—that in one moment it would not attune itself to the varieties of a new state; but he found that, like other things, it required time to accomplish it, and that it is ever recurring to the more familiar scenes of past days. The present ministers

no enjoyment, and in looking to time gone by, the painful circumstance is, that while the fancy will not be kept from straying to that neighbourhood which exercises over it all the power of a beloved home, the idea that it is home no longer turns the whole to bitterness. Now every thing that came athwart him in his path looked on him with a cold and unkind gaze; the very old women, true to their legendary creed, would mutter curses as his wild look met theirs, and would spit and cross themselves to avoid the evil eye. None, save some few individuals whom he had seen before in the Morea, could guess who he was, and even these few scarcely recognised him, for his manners were so altered, the lustre of his black eye so faded, that the laughing Greek cared not to hazard, by converse with him, infection. But what tended still more powerfully than all to render his person a mystery was, that on the first day of leaving quarantine, the very same strange being who had created so much curiosity in Mortimer had met and embraced him. This man, in the eyes of the superstitious Zantiotes, was held as

a vracolicos, or even worse, not only from his secluded habits, and from the evil he was supposed to bring on them by his haunts, but likewise from an exact resemblance which he bore to the bold robber Lambro, who had been hung in chains on the island some two years before. Nastuli alone knew him, and partook with him of the small secluded habitation wherein he dwelt. Sympathy had united them, for both were unhappy. The tale of Andrea, (so was the black-mantled stranger called), was simple though melancholy. He had been attached, with all the fervor of youthful affection, to a young French girl in Cephalonia. She returned his love as fondly, and their intercourse, so long as it stood revealed to the world, had nothing offensive to her relatives. But their affection became soon of a nature too ardent to be easily satisfied. Marriage was whispered in her ear, and she sanctioned the proposal; but when the parents became acquainted with this, their pride took the alarm, and vowing that his breed should never be crossed by connexion with a Greek, the father sent her to a convent, and made her

take the veil. Finding that she could not see her lover more, she wrote him a few words, begging him to live for her and to remember her; then poisoned herself in despair. Andrea would have followed her fate, but restrained by her last entreaties, he took priest's orders and retired to a monastery; till finding that no more purity reigned in a monastic calling than in the more busy scenes of life, and that no retreat from sorrow was to be procured there, he resolved to join his brother, the same Lambro whom he resembled, and who was fighting bravely in the Morea, there to stifle, if he could, the misery which preyed on him. Nastuli encountered him in Greece, and, while himself happy, first felt that interest in his misfortunes, which naturally became doubled on becoming more experienced in the nature of what sufferings were. Lambro was a true kleptis, bold and predatory. Having some possessions in the hands of the Zantiotes which he was desirous of regaining, he went over to that island for the purpose of doing so, but receiving an injury from a man in office, he consulted only his prin-

ciples of revenge, and stabbing him to the heart, hid himself in the mountains, where for some time he baffled the researches of his pursuers. He was seized, however, at length, and Andrea came over to the island just in time to witness the execution of his ill-fated brother. His resemblance to the latter was striking, and with the exception of the melancholy, was exact. Under his gibbet he would constantly resort, and hold there communion with the spirit of his once proud relative: and so much had these habits and his sorrows estranged him from the world, that he abandoned all further intercourse with mankind; and when even at times he intruded himself upon them, it was with a feeling of malignity rather than from a wish to be sociable, to mar, if he could, the momentary mirth of those who had succeeded in destroying his happiness for ever. Yet his heart at times got the better of these sentiments, and made him wish well to some. He sighed on looking at Adriana the day that she was wedded, merely from his ideas recurring to the young girl he had loved, and the different fate which had

been her's; and on meeting Nastuli, a deep interest possessed his bosom, for one who, though much younger than he, had griefs not less powerful, perhaps, than his own. In the retreat of Andrea, which he had chosen, no busy visitors assailed the young Capitano; none except his little page Cashimir, whose face had a smile on it, intruded there; for with the Zantiotes the feeling of superstition is paramount to the sentiment of benevolence, and no one would trace the mysterious Andrea to his abode, or administer aught to him that he needed, for fear of being witness to, or perhaps connecting himself with, the vampyre deeds which were reported to be transacted within it. Hence it happened that so few were aware of Nastuli's presence. He was considered by all, when seen, as a Greek, and, by his dress, a klephtis; and as the gay habits of the Albanian are in Zante held in contempt when placed beside those of the demure Frank, both he and his vestments were declaimed against and looked upon with horror.

It was on a Sunday evening, the weather still

and beautiful, and nature only at times aroused from the sleep into which it seemed hushed, by the striking of the bells for the last mass, when Nastuli strolled from the hut of Andrea. Crowds were flocking towards the churches, and many, of whom the greater number were Franks, assembled to look on those who went there. Nothing escaped the observation of these gentlemen, and Nastuli, not wishing to incur it, turned aside and continued his ramble in another direction, when he arrived after a time at a small spot, about two miles distant from the town, studded with olive trees, and far removed from any habitation of man. It was here, they said, that Dionysius, the patron saint, had built the small den where he used to live, and whither pious people still made pilgrimages.

A rock jutting out into the sea, at the base of which the waves were gently rippling, afforded a seat to the wanderer. From hence the town was seen in fine perspective; and Nastuli, as he looked on its small size, bethought him how his own happiness had dwindled since last he was a visitor within it.—

“ How little is sufficient,” he mused, “ to turn utterly from its object the heart of man ! Once all loved me, but because I am changed—because no longer I can flatter their proud humours by laughing with them—the same smiles which once were lavished in such profusion upon me, are turned away and bestowed on others.

The splashing of oars interrupted his reverie. A solitary bark, occupied by two voyagers, and impelled by two rowers, glided over the still waters. The moon rose as it approached nearer, and favoured the sight of Nastuli on the persons within. The one voyager was an elderly man of austere countenance, whose black skullcap and long robes of the same colour shewed to be a priest ; the other was a fine woman, apparently of twenty years. Her Moreote costume was elegant, but seemed to be more neglected than it generally is by the fair sex of the Peninsula. A mortal paleness was perceptible upon every trait of her fair visage, and one perceived in her fine black

eyes the traces of tears which she had recently been shedding; her whole mien, in short, announced a profound sadness, and every thing about her awoke the idea that she was in a situation extraordinary and interesting. Nas-tuli thought he had before seen her, but the uncertain glare of the moon would not suffer him to assure himself; he redoubled, however, his attention, to what passed. The fair voyager kept her eyes fixed upon the banks along which she coasted, and her melancholy expression while she did so seemed to give signs that their verdure ill accorded with her destiny. A sigh at length escaped from her, which her companion on the waters interrupted.

"This is the part," he said, pointing to it with his one hand, while he devoutly crossed himself with the other, "where dwelt so many years in loneliness and prayer the holy St. Dionysius."

As the priest anxiously repeated this intimation, his fair companion awoke from her trance. She rose immediately, and observing

the little stone-built cave, where legends point out his habitation, "and who was this man?" she asked.

"A true preacher of the Christian faith, my child," he answered; "an apostle sent to the Pagans about here. He was of a family the most distinguished; and though the highest dignities of the church were offered him, he preferred the life of a penitent, in inculcating good faith to others. Tired of the world, he wished to retreat from the din of it, but so far only as might indulge his desire of privacy without taking away from him the opportunity of bettering those around, and for this purpose he chose the spot you see."

"And did he make allowances for those who err?" demanded the fair passenger, evidently interested by her companion's account.

"He was lenient," replied the priest, "as the God who sent him; one only of his daily actions will suffice to assure you of that. His brother, one of the primates of the island, was assassinated by a Zantiote. The perpetrator of this damning deed, pressed closely by the

soldiery of the Venetians (under whose command the island then lay), lurked about in various parts, until fate directed him to the spot where lived the virtuous priest, Dionysius. Throwing himself on his knees before him, he confessed his crime, and begged protection from the holy man, which he granted. The pursuers past by, but having a solemn respect for the pious anchorite, did not attempt to search his asylum, but only made him acquainted with their object and the murder of his brother. The holy Dionysius burst into tears; for though he knew the crime of the assassin, he had been ignorant hitherto against whom his hand had been directed; he scorned, notwithstanding, to betray the shedder of his brother's blood, and sending the pursuers on their way, returned to the cave, averted his face, and gave the murderer his blessing, providing him at the same time with money and clothing, and sending him off in a small boat in safety to the Morea, praying that God might extend his mercy towards him, and bless him on his way there."

As the priest finished the relation of this tale

of humanity the fair penitent sighed, for she had heard in it of precepts which her heart had until now been unaccustomed to imagine could exist in man, so perverse as he had seemed to her in his nature. She felt inspired with a holy awe, and she longed to visit the shore and touch the habitation where so good an anchorite had spent his days.

CHAPTER XVII.

For she was Passion's child ; born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelled-eyed daughters.

Don Juan.

THE holy father was enchanted at his fair companion's zeal, which he hailed as a blessed omen; and leading her from the boat just as the moonbeams rested on the little sanctuary, landed on the spot, that she might adore it with him. But within the damp stones which formed the sides to the small chapel, was a living object, wrapt in deep meditation, and resting, with his capote flung over him, upon the very altar. The priest started as he saw him, for it savoured strongly, he thought, of impiety for a klephtis, (as his dress denoted him to be),

whom no devotion calls near such a place, to rest in the sacred precincts laid aside for worship only. From the expression of these feelings, however, he was prevented by the weight of his fair convert, who had fallen motionless upon his breast. Nor was Nastuli enabled to govern his emotions much better; for Fatmè, the captive beauty, who had first communicated her chains to his affections, was she who now lay in the arms of the Papas. To spring forwards to pour water on her forehead from the sacred basin, and to transfer her from the embrace of the more composed priest to his own, was the work of a moment. Whether holy water had really conferred its miraculous effect upon the heathen, or whether the difference of the pressure now bent on her were the cause, Fatmè quickly revived, and opening her eyes, fixed them with an expression soft, yet penetrating, upon her supporter. "Achmet," she said, raising herself to her full form, and keeping her arm only gently twined round his neck, "my beloved Achmet, has providence

then ordained that we should meet? But why in such a guise?" she added, "why so unhappily?" "Fatmè," interrupted the young Capitano, "do not wrong yourself in continuing this illusion; I am not Achmet, although I might well wish to be him, to purchase the affections of a being so beautiful."

Fatmè looked on him attentively.—"You tell me you are not Achmet?" she said. "Well, I believe you; for I remember that he is in Paradise—nay, perhaps thinks no more of me now. But then you are the same as he was when he lived, and the prophet has thrown you in my path, that by reminding me of him, I may love you."

"Live not in such cruel delusion, Fatmè," rejoined Nastuli, fondly regarding her; "heaven has never designed me to be loved by you, and I never can return your affection, for my heart of late has become cold and hardened, and none, save the worst of passions, can hold a seat there."

"Oh! tell me not so," exclaimed the lovely

Turk, while, as though conscious of her powers, a light smile usurped for a moment the reigning melancholy of her features: "I will teach you again to have affections. I will hang on your breast, and dispel with my warmth the coldness which you tell me lays there—I will watch over you like the Prophet over the just, and never till you command me will I quit you."

These fond wanderings of her fancy were soon checked, however, by a gloom. Her eye fell again, and the flush which hope had called to her animated features deserted them as she continued pensively. "What do I say?—I talk as though in my father's orange groves, and not like a prisoner destined for the harem of some Ghiaour!"

Nastuli answered her not a word; a heavier weight than he could overcome sat upon his breast, and sad remembrances were adding to it quickly.

"You will not love me then," resumed the fair Mahometan, "because I am a captive? but know that my heart has been ever free, spite of the trials which have been made to en-

chain it. You dare not love me," she added, "because I am to your creed an infidel; but know, Capitano, that in my love for you I am willing to renounce even the faith of my forefathers and become a Ghiaour, should I lose heaven for it and gain but thee."

"Oh, talk not thus wildly," exclaimed Nastuli, whose indifference was dispelled before a being so lovely and interesting. "Hinder me at least from raving, Fatmè, my beloved Fatmè, go to the heaven that you were made for; mix among the houris in enjoyment of your true Achmet there, and leave me, who am not worthy to represent him, the neglected wanderer still, amidst a world where, when *you* are gone, none will exist to remind me of you."

Overcome by the emotions which this responsive rhapsody had called up, Nastuli leant his damp forehead against the wooden pillar which stood beside the aisle, and crossing his arms upon his breast, gave himself up for a moment to bitterness. The eye of Fatmè, so proud to all the world beside, was fixed on him—sparkling and soft, and glistening on his account

with tears which they never had shed for another. The strongest affections and the purest were placed on one who now had none to give her in return. She was willing to sacrifice for his sake all the brightest hopes held out to her by the Prophet; lovely was she in every thing, and all his own, if he so willed it. These assurances drove into the bosom of Nastuli a keen sensibility to which he had long been a stranger, and by teaching him to contrast the feelings of his own breast with those of her's, held up to him his mental glass, and shewed him how abandoned himself had become. This conflict did not escape the observation of Fatmè: she watched him tenderly, and sorrowing over what she loved, drew him towards her with her small gem-studded hand, and pressed her lips on his cold forehead. This burning touch brought with it new life: he raised himself, and turned towards the object which had revived him. The moon shone on her glossy hair, streaming over shoulders whose whiteness was only partially concealed, while the lips which had so blessed him were parted and her eyes turned up to-

wards heaven ; she seemed more beautiful than woman, and Nastuli could not look on so lovely a statue without being moved. Awakened by the recollection of her embrace, he folded her to his bosom, and while her cheek unresistingly hung on his, he pressed the lips which had so balmily breathed on him with a glowing fervour, and for a moment, in the intoxication of happiness, forgot that any other portion had been his. The priest, whom delicacy, or perhaps even sympathy, for he was a man more relenting than the generality of his order, had induced until now to retire from the presence of the impassioned Fatmè until the first struggles had subsided, was not the less a witness of the scenes before him ; but when he saw his charge in the arms of a wild turbanned kleptis, perhaps one of the infidel sect, at the very time when he had flattered himself to effect her conversion—the meeting of the lips, the flush on the face, and the redoubled pressure of the hand, he began to fear for the purity of her from whom he wished to wipe all blots away, for he knew what passion is, although his own was quelled,

and that man, tempted by such wiles as her's, must fall into abandonment, let reason urge what it may to prevent their power from working. Stepping towards them, therefore, he took the arm of his fair companion. "Young man," he said to Nastuli, "recollect that here such interviews as these are not things sanctioned; that the affections of the world are to be subdued and forgotten before we approach the altar. Know likewise, that I have charge over my companion, and her actions are to be regulated by my will." As he spoke this he drew the fair Turk aside. Nastuli looked sternly on the austere man who had thus spoiled for him a vision of happiness so rare; but before he could intercede or reply, Fatmè was in the boat. She waved her spangled kerchief⁽¹⁾, and then was lost to his sight, while all that had rendered him insensible to woe fled with her. The fond embraces they had exchanged, the deep energetic affection of her manner, by keeping her image foremost within him, led him to reflect upon the cloud which hung over the destiny of this fair being. With all her attributes of divinity, she

was a slave, and in the worst state of slavery, in the hands of a Zantiote tyrant, who knew not how to appreciate any one of her charms except by the gold it brought him. As he reflected thus on the vision who had blessed him for an hour, and from her again upon the cold world they had their portion on, he turned away his head, and let a tear fall from him. How could he assist her—how redeem her from her sad state, placed as he was by destiny in an island where dwelt only the mean and arrogant—where he stood neglected and hated, a disconsolate cypher in the midst of them?—and she a woman young and alive to suffering, lovely, as proud and more deserving than himself—yet her fate was more inexplicable still than his, and he must be doomed to see her wretched and not rescue her! Little Cashimir saw the grief of his Capitano; he watched it, however, until the first tide had passed, then gently approaching him, whispered something in his ear. Another Greek, older and more heartless than this boy, would have administered comfort only by the word of efficacy (epominee), considered

equally applicable as a remedy for all kinds of disorders ; but he knew more quickly how to soothe, for he had probed the wound of his master. " I will shew you," he whispered, " how to make her free and happy likewise." Nastuli started up as from a dream, and walked whither his page led him, leaving the small bay and the isolated shrine where he had poured forth his sorrows, in the bosom of an image lovely and susceptible. His heart was relieved of a sad weight, in giving way to confidence, and flowers of a less deadly odour began again to stem his path. The image of Fatmè lightened him instead of paining his mind, when hopes of her rescue appeared before him. He could not love her as he might once have done, because Caterina survived in his memory ; but Fatmè adored him, and was beautiful and pure, and had connected herself to him by that silken curb, which, guided by her hand, promised to lead him from his track sullied and desolate to one chaste and brightening again. Cashimir led on towards the dwelling of Andrea, which stood in the midst of a thick olive grove, far dis-

tant from any other habitation. Fearful of breaking the fitful slumbers of his host, Nastuli lay on his capote under one of the trees, from whose branches the crickets sent out their shrill notes. His dreams were quiet and peaceable, for hope was intermingled with them ; and on the first day-beams sending light through the thick foliage, he arose refreshed, and called to him his young Caphidgé, for he was impatient to work the delivery of the fair Mahometan. The page told him what he had learnt ; that Fatmè was in the power of Daloni, the most ambitious and least worthy of all the primates, who well knew the importance of his prize, and had well schemed the disposal of it : nay the day had been fixed in which she was to be delivered up to an old Zantiote count (^e), who spite of his decrepitude, had become captivated by her charms ; but on the very day when the superannuated libertine went to claim his purchase, her flight was announced, and their plans frustrated. None knew whither she had betaken herself, but the emissaries of the enamoured Count learnt after a while that the

same austere priest with whom yesterday she had visited the shrine, had afforded her an asylum in full expectation of the heavenly meed he should gain by her conversion to Christianity. Daloni, however, stimulated by the desire of gain, and the Count by his concupiscence, having succeeded in tracing her thither, she would be speedily brought back to their power, and new persecutions would be laid on her for her escape.

Nastuli was contented with this information; his chimera was lined with doubloons, and bidding Cashimir to follow, he hastily left the dark plantation for the house of the haughty primate. The latter had just recovered from the effect of his night visions, when the young Capitano unceremoniously broke into his apartment. By his side sate a man of age, whose gold knee-buckles and overbearing haughtiness were his only emblems of dignity, conversing with Daloni, and to appearance no better pleased than his host. The intrusion of Nastuli was evidently unseasonable to both; but the latter sat down without regarding either, and called to Cashimir

for his chibouk. Romani, for so was the Count denoted, who had been used to nothing all his lifetime but the creepings and cringes of menials towards him, hemmed and frowned perpetually at an affront so killing to his dignity ; but Daloni, whose conscience at every new incident took the alarm, and who was withal a better diplomatist in feature than his patron, believed that beneath the haughty and undaunted manner of Nastuli lurked import of unseemly nature for himself. To the inuendoes therefore of the Count he paid but slight heed, and the silence with which this mysterious visitor had affected both was broken only by the demand of the latter for a word in private from the inspector. He obeyed, and they withdrew into a small chamber apart from the Count. A short space only intervened before they returned to the place where they had left Romani ; but changed in manners, Daloni was no longer the supercilious and arrogant, but the humble suppliant, and the eyes of Nastuli brightened with pleasure. A female of no engaging form, who during the course of the primate's traffic had

fallen into his hands, presented café to the young Capitano. She was waiting for the first and best bidder, and the poor girl was treated rigorously on account of her not having yet been sold.

As Daloni heard from her of the departure of the Count, his mien grew restless and discontented, as though little good were boded to him from his movement. Nastuli left him to his own internal workings, and fled from the house where every meanness seemed to preside. His heart was light as his belt; for with the last doubloon he possessed, he had procured the ransom of Fatmè, and now she might live not only in safety but in happiness, for she was young, and would forget him soon on his departure. But he had calculated wrongly. Fatmè was not a native of western climes; her affections had been nurtured by the sun, and they were glowing as the beams of that bright orb. Her feelings governed her, not she them: no fashion taught her to disown them, for nature was her only principle of action, and if she had set her love on one whose heart could not

return it, her affections, though blended with sorrow, could never be withdrawn from the object on which they reposed. The young Capitano turned his steps towards the priest's house, whither she was supposed to have fled, to thank the good man for his care, and to acquaint him with her freedom being obtained. But she was no longer an inmate there, having repaired to a neighbouring convent; a step so flattering to the pious zeal of the priest, that he had taken upon himself the hazard of her flight. The old man, on learning what Nastuli had done, forgot his aversion to a klephtis, and exhorted him to glorify God for having turned away from the carnal workings of the mind a creature so fair as Fatmè.

Mortimer meanwhile began to feel that the village of Boccali, like other parts of Zante, was ill calculated for the repose of a traveller. Its air, 'tis true, was purer than that of the town. The musquitoes were not in such quantities, and the sun was less scorching. Add to this, what in his friend Spiridion's opinion valued still more, "its waters were cold, and its herbs

were fresh." All these luxuries, however, could not requite Mortimer, who was a being lively and conversable, nor atone for the utter loss of society around him. His neighbourhood was made up, independent of the poor peasants whom he did not understand, of a tribe of that non-descript, misshapen sort of animals, styled Milordos, who were so unconscionably arrogant and insipid, as to detract from one's social turn, instead of gratifying it, in attempting converse with them.

At the head of these was a *soi-disant* Colonel, once led over to Greece, but who getting testy from a want of beds there, or good living, had returned to Zante, damning both Greeks and their cause, and learning to pinch the guitar at home—with which he so galled the ear of Mortimer, near whom he dwelt, as to destroy all his hopes of actual solitude, the only pleasure, under such circumstances as we have mentioned, the latter could possibly have been led to hope for. Determined at length to leave an island which had nothing but an overbearing and intolerant spirit to recommend its

inhabitants, he dispatched Giuseppe, his drunken valet, to the beach, with orders to look out for some chance-thrown brigantine, which might sail, if God so willed it, that very night for Ancona, or for Naples. Giuseppe succeeded better than either had anticipated ; he had seen and bargained with the Captain of a golette who on that evening was to set sail for the Italian coast. Overjoyed with this intelligence, Mortimer forgot that the island he was about to leave was really a fair one, nor was his looked-for parting mixed with even that slight shade of regret which he had ever felt before, on leaving the most sterile rock that could deform the fair face of nature. Here no hearts had been with him, not a look of kindness had been set on him, save when interest had urged the expression, and not even the common every-day blessing had been bestowed, except when a hard piastre could be extorted from its application.

Merry in mood at the hopes of his release from the place of tyrants and slaves, he sauntered towards the beach, and congratulated him-

self on wearing the only careless brow amongst all the men in office who stalked past him. Several Greeks were standing round a boat which had just arrived from the Morea, asking eagerly for news, while the long poles of the guardiani were being moved to and fro, to keep the bark at a proper distance from the shore. The news brought by it was reviving. The Suliotes, on their return to Napoli from the garrison of Missolonghi, like desperate men, had urged also desperate measures. The government, whose term had long expired, and who had contributed so largely by their individual policy towards the ruin of this brave race, had been at length overthrown, and another more fitting for the times exchanged for it—no longer civil but military; while the former numbers (with the exception only of Colletti, whose influence over the Suliotes still continued,) were either banished or deposed. Zaimi, the chieftain and politician, who had so arduously struggled for the Presidency, of which the siege of Navarene suspended the change, was now elected in the place of the infatuated Conduriottis. His first act had

been to decrease the number of Strategi or Generals, (with which Greece had been overrun, and whose only aim had been to cheat the government, by paying themselves, instead of their soldiers,) while stratioti and patriots were to fill these vacant offices. Colocotroni, the Moreote chieftain, who had at heart his country's good rather than his own, was fixed upon as sole commander, in place of the many, of all the forces in the Morea. Cariskaki, the Suliote, who at Missolonghi and at Dystimo had fought so bravely, was to lead on the troops of Western Greece, and all the citizens were to join themselves to the banners of these two chieftains, and use no longer their tongues alone for the last desperate effort towards the liberation of their "bella patria." One alternative, however, was allowed them: if, spite of the feelings which ought to animate them, there remained any who still preferred inactivity and enjoyment to exertions, their houses, their harems, and their cafés, the grand theatres of luxury, should be burnt to the ground, and themselves buried beneath their ruins. A noble spirit of conten-

tion followed these laws, and a new enthusiasm filled the spirits of those who looked up to Zaimi for the measures to be put in practice. Suzzo, descended from a long line of Hospodars, nurtured in indolence, and brought up in all the ease of royalty, since the earliest moment of his birth, forgot, in the call to freedom, that he had ever been used to aught save suffering and privation, but sacrificing all the riches that still remained to him for the service of his loved land, he invoked his countrymen, in the public market-place of Napoli, to renounce all private interest in seeking to unite themselves, and to drive away the dissensions which had begun, and threatened, if continued, inevitably to ruin them. He called to their remembrance Scio, and the scenes of massacre which took place there: he bade them look on Ipsara, where the same horrible fate had attended their wives and their children; on Missolonghi, where so recently loveliness had been defaced, leaving no mark of it, save, on their tattered garments, the ashes which had consumed their hopes: and finally he pointed to them their houses, near

converted into fustinelli for the stratioti; their earrings and richest gems into money, for the purchase of arms; and their prayers, all that was left them besides to bestow, were offered up, day and night, for the success of those who went to war manfully, and for the anathema to those whose craven souls should shrink from the duty imposed on them.

The crowd collected around the boat, consisting chiefly of Moreotes, was numerous, and shewed an interest compatible with the cheering nature of the information. Mortimer, whose ear had not yet attuned itself to the Romaic idiom sufficiently to comprehend all this intelligence, was fain to seek "how speeded the fight" from the faces of the hearers. On the features of one alone, over whom his eyes wandered as the rest of the crowd fell back, did he fancy that he could read, as well as words could tell him, the nature of the news they were receiving. This was a young Albanian, stretching his head forwards with extreme anxiety while he questioned a soldier within the boat, and encroaching most unboundedly on the pa-

tience of the Zantiote guardiani, groaning with heat and peevishness. Spite, however, of all their threats, remonstrances, and even attempted force, he still continued to question the man within the boat, flinging his one arm behind him, to keep off those who attempted to stop his conference. The guardiani, however, became riotous, and pushed the boat away with loud oaths and lengthened grumblings: the young Arnaoot gave one whisper more, and then retired. But what was the surprise of Mortimer, when, in the features of Nastuli, he recognized the same of whom he had sought tidings so long and so fruitlessly. He ran forwards and embraced him; but hesitatingly, for he scarcely could credit the evidence which his senses gave him. And even when at length he became convinced, and he thanked heaven that the fearful tale he had heard of his ignominious death was not a true one, he yet looked on him with a melancholy and distrustful gaze; for the wild eye, the turbanned brow, and the whole gait, shewed rather the renegade than the christian. Could aught have forced him to exchange his

faith? could Mahomet's fairholding promises, in a bewitching Eastern clime like this, have so far infatuated him as to cling to them? he dreaded to enquire: but Nastuli perceived his fears, and smiled. "I have not been tempted yet," he said, "to renounce my faith; although if I am to believe the auguries of the world, it will not suffice to save me."

Mortimer, freed from these apprehensions, gave a loose to the happiness of the moment. Rumours had been so at work about Nastuli's fate, the quill-drivers had arrived breathless from the land, in eager rivalry who first should blast his reputation; and all had been so saddening to those who alone cared for him, that the spirit of his friend burst forth in ecstasy on seeing that he yet lived to retaliate upon the insulters of his misfortunes.

Nastuli cared little for the world or its reports, as far as they centred on himself; but when he reflected on the opportunity afforded by his absence, of not only heaping calumnies unmeritedly upon his own fame, but of extending reproach to those connected with him, who

had never sinned, and who had watched over his infancy as tenderly as they now did over his welfare, he heeded the solicitations of Mortimer, and agreed to visit, for a short time, the land of his birth.

In parting from Greece, he left his hopes behind him there, although it was the land he had sinned in. Yet Cashimir—a remembrance of it would be with him—would talk to him of its clime, of the fertile plains and mountains of snow which he had alike loved to roam on, of the air which had fulfilled the old Epparch's words, but which, spite of the gall left with him, had wafted all his energy, all his affections to the land over which it blew.

He agreed to visit his native soil, but not for a residence ; because, midst heartlessness and distaste, he could find none. The boat awaited them on the beach, the hour was late, numbers were assembled to beguile the hour in scandal, and many fixed their eyes upon the caïck which was to bear the voyagers to their ship, but few blessings were bestowed on them. The sky was partially obscured by clouds, an

unusual sight in a climate so lovely, and the wind was fast rising. The Captain, who was a stout Neapolitan, looked anxiously aloft, and shaking his head, hinted that he was apprehensive of little good from the weather. The boat was pushing off from the shore as Mortimer was making his last adieu to the poor Moreote, Nicolaki, when he observed a general move visible amongst the Zantiotes crowded on the beach, and an exclamation of horror passed from one to the other. Andrea, the supposed *vracolicos*, had made his way amongst them, and was searching amidst the thickest of their numbers to discern some individual who might have mingled there. Since the day of Nastuli's interview with *Fatmé* at the shrine of the holy monk, Andrea had lost all traces of the former, and now, unlike the nature of a being who shunned converse with mankind, lamented deeply at his absence: as his eyes at length caught a glimpse of him in the boat, he seemed disturbed for a while at his unexpected departure, but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and beckoning familiarly towards

main so. The golette moved cheerily from port, shaping her course towards Genoa, and the fate of the young Capitano, whose hopes had been ruined and heart-blighted from the susceptibility of his nature, became again unknown to all.

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NOTES TO VOL. II.

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NOTES TO VOL. II.

CHAP. I.

- (²) Strategos.—General.

CHAP. III.

- (¹) As many heads.—The Turks consider the Arabs as one degree above brutes, but not equal to men.
- (²) The cryers, &c.—When the enemy lies very near a village, one man stations himself on an eminence and passes his reports, but no regular watch is kept.
- (³) Kambeeria.—News.
- (⁴) Capnò.—Tobacco.
- (⁵) Threw the glass, &c.—A mode of expressing welcome, practised frequently by the master of the house much to his own detriment, signifying thereby that the glass out of which his guest has drank shall never be polluted by a lip less worthy.

CHAP. IV.

- (¹) Keerà.—Madame.
- (²) Aspra Spetia, or white houses.—A small village on the coast of Salona.

(*) Caloyers.—Monks.

(*) More nobly than Leonidas.—The world cannot be stranger to the noble sacrifice of Marco Botzaris, the Suliote, who, with 200 brave followers, forced his way to the camp of the Pasha of Negropont, and so astounded the enemy by his valour, as to cause them to evacuate their posts.

CHAP. V.

(*) In want of parades, &c.—Amongst the palicari, who have no idea of sentiment, whenever an individual preserves an obstinate dejection they imagine that he must be in want of money, as that is to them the greatest affliction.

(*) By the sun.—Few other means are used for telling the time of the day.

(*) The bladebone, &c.—To omit this ceremony would be considered as a sacrilege amongst the Greek soldiers, who hold it in greater faith than ever their ancestors did the result of their oracular consultations, and pretend to ascertain, by the different veins running along it, the direction which the enemy will take.

(*) Ora katee sas.—Happy hour to you; salutation at meeting.

CHAP. VI.

(*) A good boy.—Καλὸ ὦαιδι. A term of endearment common amongst Grecian matrons.

Case 5211

The Greeks of the Peninsula
when their beards grow.

Curve IX.

The points of chief distinction
between Catholic Church.

...Taxes had Baedeker for the
lover of its wine, as well as
its wine, admirably suit
the wine.

In my school, the students
are all very intelligent.
They are all very hard working
and they are all very kind.

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Figure 1



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CHAP. XI.

- (1) Casino.—The common, and with the exception of preferentia (which they have borrowed from the Russians) the only game played with cards in Greece.

CHAP. XII.

- (1) Rouko.—Coat.
- (2) Souls in our teeth, &c.—μέ την ψυχὴν' στα δόντια, to express “with the greatest risk of our lives.”
- (3) Beans and olives.—The vampyres in Greece have not the same terrific attributes about them which are ascribed to the generality of that class of beings, but on the contrary, are often affable and polite, mixing themselves in the circles of men, and sometimes even conversing with them, although should a child present itself, their horrible nature breaks out, being called by equal claims of hunger with mortals, and preferring child's flesh even to “beans and olives,” the next dish in request.
- (4) Nauplia.—Napoli di Romania.
- (4) Fusicleiki.—Pistol-belt.

CHAP. XIII.

- (1) Holy case.—The skeleton of their patron saint, Dionysius, is exposed for three whole days every year, with its sacerdotal robes, for the adoration of the populace.

- (2) Oboli.—Coin equal in value to a halfpenny, made use of in the Ionian Islands.
- (2) What can we do?—Τὶ νὰ κάμειν. An expression demonstrative of utter helplessness.
- (4) Zantiote Count.—A ridiculous title enough; but assumed by many gentry of the island, who possess half an acre of vineyards upon it.
- (5) Stavromeno.—Beautiful promenade during the summer, deriving its name from a chapel so called, signifying crucifixion.
- (6) Murder of her son, &c.—The terror in which the Zantiotes hold this tribunal justifies the most extravagant phantasy which the idea of it may inspire.

CHAP. XIV.

- (1) Vasilathi.—A small islet, near Missolonghi.

CHAP. XV.

- (1) Back to back.—The new-married couple always maintain this reserve, until left alone, after their union.
- (2) Lacana.—Herbs.
- (3) Earthquake.—A considerable sensation prevails amongst the ladies at this phenomenon of nature; they (the unmarried ones) considering it to be an omen of their approaching change of state.
- (4) Themistocles.—The Zantiotes are very fond of thus mutilating the recollections of the ancient

Greeks, by giving to each distorted urchin a name, which he seldom acts up to.

(*) Thithaskali.—Teachers of other tongues, or schoolmasters in general.

(*) Caresima.—Lent.

CHAP. XVII.

(*) Spangled kerchief.—The handkerchiefs of the Moreote Turks and Greeks are richly embroidered.

THE END.

ERRATA.—VOL. II

Page 101, line 10, for "Laramie" read "Laramie."

231, line 4, for "Laramie," read "Laramie."

250, line 24, for "Laramie," read "Laramie."



